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ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENT.

THE commonest remark just at present is, that politics are in a state of stagnation, and Europe at a stand-still. A despondent person might point to a great many circumstances indicating that the prospects of the world were very bad. In the first place, look at the de pots; they triumph everywhere, from East to West. Bomba is in full feather, France is silent, Spain is quietly dressing her wounds and staunching her blood; everywhere there is force and spiritless languor. We are in one of those silences, "for the space of half an hour," which have such an impressive effect in the "Revelations." Mankind do not believe in themselves so vividly as they did half a century since. They give their greatest zeal, not to politics, but to making money. However, there is a great deal that is satisfactory in some of the symptoms which we do see, even in countries where the period shows itself at its worst; and one of the best of these is the regard of the best French writers now for the principles of constitutionalism. Twice this year—first from De Montalembert, now from De Tocqueville—we have seen the "example of England" (as Lord John loves to say) held up to foreigners as an inspiring spectacle. It contrasts curiously with our own depreciation of ourselves. Whatever our faults, we still retain a liberty which no other country can boast; and at the time we fancy ourselves disgraced, we are told that we are envied. It is worth while to inquire what our advantage is, and how we ought to use it.

As for the present despotic re-action, we make but little account of it. Revolution can never be a permanent state of things; it acts like an intermittent fever, and during the intervals you wonder at the patient's calm. But then the calm cannot last; by natural laws the movement must recommence, and will continue till its business is done finally. The Spanish Bourbons will go—Bomba will go—the French system will change when men have had a breathing-time

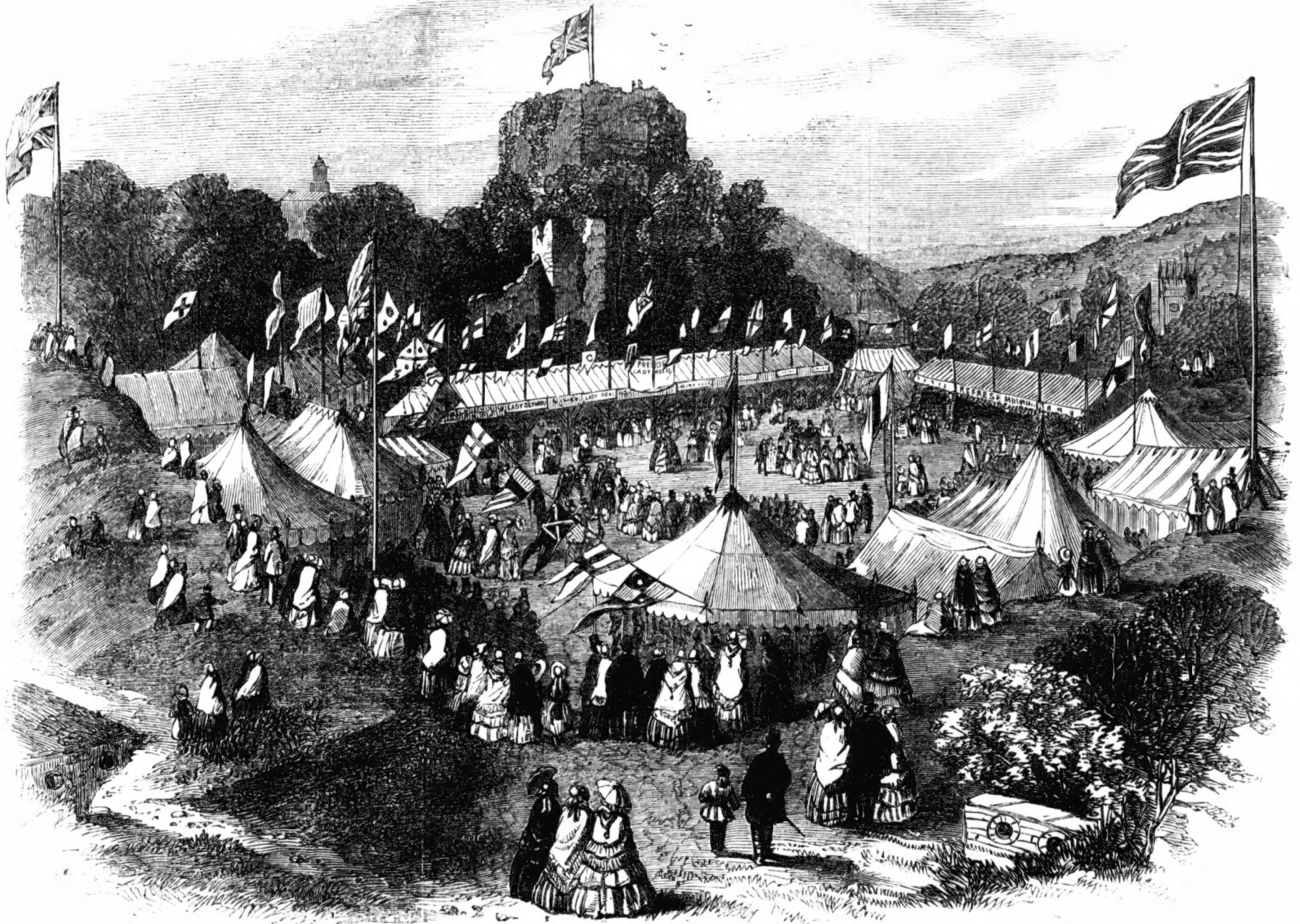
of "order." Nobody need despond in the matter, for Europe must ultimately attain real popular monarchies, with such freedom as its moral condition entitles it to. This we look on as certain; and the temporary triumph of one or the other wicked old man or woman affects us no more than any other odd phenomenon. A despot is a "man in possession," by whom Providence punishes nations of which the affairs are out of order. He is a kind of policeman; not like the old "king," who was the foremost man of the nation himself, and who did for the nation only what, had it been wise and strong enough, it would have done without him. If he suppresses thought and speech, it is only a part of his bad trade, to be abolished when better times come.

Now, how have we in England escaped the bad doom which has fallen on the nations to which we are alluding?—for they, be it noticed, had all, at one time, the germ of the institutions now considered the bulwarks of freedom. There are a hundred reasons—the chief, perhaps, that we have maintained our local powers. In France, for instance, there are no such things. There is a people, all, pretty well, on a humble level; there are placemen; and there is the central power at Paris—which at present is that of Napoleon. But there are no centres of action from which a tyrant can be resisted, when there is a tyrant in the capital. Nobody is great enough or rich enough to begin it. But when Charles the First was feared as a tyrant, there were plenty of nuclei—trading towns or dissatisfied landholders—for getting up an opposition; and there are still, though weaker and changed, the same powers. No Ministry, with the Civil Service at its back, could attempt anything against our freedom more than against the moon. Indeed, we sometimes have to say a word in favour of "centralisation," when the national jealousy of it goes too far, and hinders changes that have been proved to be necessary. By a kind of instinct the English feel that their

local powers are great safeguards of their liberty; and one is indulgent to the opposite extreme, with its slow legislation, embarrassed executive, and what not. If we are to be free, we must recognise the necessity of allowing local powers, and even local prejudices, their fair play. How completely "English," to see Windham glorifying Norfolk, and the Harrow and Eton men picking out their fellows from the heroes of the war!

De Tocqueville (in the new book above alluded to) lays great stress on the non-political character of the French noblesse. Pushed out of power by the monarchy, they had nothing left but odious privileges and gradual decay, terminated at last by the Revolution. In England, the nobility early lost its continental character, and it has never been isolated from the masses in the same kind of way. This is a circumstance which has produced some ludicrous anomalies, but which has been eminently beneficial both to the order and the country. The good side of the institution is its constitutional character, its bad side the tendency to oligarchy—joint effect of a weakened Crown and a universal regard for title and money. Yet there is no alternative between the institution and despotism, as the experience of the Continent shows. Where there is a general leveling, despotism alone raises its head—a despotism seated at a capital, and acting through clerks and soldiers. You must either have a government like this, or you must have your government spontaneously carried on by the natural powers of the country, in a less accurate, but in a more national, manner.

Attempts have been made to set up forms of government like our own in various parts of the world; but these are failures, because ours has grown out of our life spontaneously, and nothing similar could spring out of different conditions. As well plant a broomstick and expect it to grow, as create a House of Peers or Commons, and fancy you can get the same results from it as the peculiar cha-



BAZAAR IN THE GROUNDS OF OARISSBROOKE CASTLE.—(SKETCHED FROM THE S.E. BASTION BY F. BRANNON.)

acter of England gives to hers. A respectable parody is all that is produced; and after a while it is blown up by a revolution.

When English propagandism in favour of liberty is recommended, people forget that we cannot confer the conditions under which it exists. A strong man cannot give a sick one his brain or his stomach. Our Parliament, for instance, has a direct connection with property, and represents the distribution of it as effectually as any thing else. It is a debating body too; but when you have got together a debating body (which is easy enough), you have not necessarily got a Parliament, in the English sense. After the '48 the attempt was made in several countries, and debating societies were forthcoming fast enough. Every country has its talkers; and the Greeks, after losing every other quality, remained superior in this to other peoples. To use a quaint figure, such an assembly is like one of Vaucanson's automaton ducks, which in shape, colour, motion, and quack, was duck all over, but had the slight disadvantage of being wooden. But supposing all the elements of representation ready, it would still require time and practice for such free institutions to learn their work. And this is just what countries find it so hard to get. The people lose their faith in the makers of the revolution before there is time to achieve this. Trade is imperative, and must have the protection of credit and peace. The excitement subsides: soon what is called "order" returns again, in the old or a somewhat modified shape. But the blame of the failure is not to be thrown on English example, for we earned our liberty and paid the shot for it in a long series of ages. It is the most mixed system the world ever saw; for many a noble family that started in provincial trade has grown up to the highest rank, bringing in a fresh stock of influences with it. All classes have something in common. Sometimes a Norman peer is a farmer, who regularly gets a prize for short-horns; while a sprightly young drysalter keeps a race-horse, and talks of the *canaille*.

So peculiar, in fact, are our institutions, that we find a De Tocqueville pointing out things as wonderfully significant, which to an Englishman seem everyday and commonplace. And this kind of fact should make us careful how and in what way we meddle in Continental affairs. We can give even very little advice to foreign nations, which, from their ignorance of our point of view, they can understand; and as little practical assistance, which would be just, when we consider the energy demanded from us at home by the need of social reforms. To compel Russia to observe the treaty in every detail—to oppose any Power disturbing the map of Europe by invasions—to keep up a fleet sufficient for the honour of our flag, and an army sufficient for the protection of our coast—we take to be (in a general way) our whole duty in foreign politics. If it be objected that this is deficient in largeness of view, and in sympathy for the future of mankind, we answer, firstly, that there are certain bounds of circumstance and prudence which we are not justified in overstepping; and, secondly, that we shall best benefit the world, in the long run, by improving ourselves. There are signs now of a greater interest in social reforms than there has been lately in this country, and we are disposed to welcome the symptom heartily.

BAZAAR AT CARISBROOKE

THE church of St. Thomas, at Newport, having fallen into decay, it became necessary to rebuild it. This necessity being settled, and the curtain fairly lifted from the scheme, another necessity presented itself—a need of funds. Now though in these days the spirit which raised the great old cathedrals is extinct, there is a very good disposition toward church building abroad; but whether the edifice of St. Thomas and the people of Newport, including the stranger within its gates, make an exceptional case, or whether it was thought well (or well thought) to combine business with pleasure and duty with a picnic, we need not trouble ourselves to decide: enough that as funds had to be raised, it was resolved to raise them by means of a fancy fair.

There is so much of "fancy" piety in these days, of fancy preachers, fancy churches, fancy altar coverings, fancy leeterns, surplices, choristry, and genuflections, that the bazaar does seem to be a very fit medium for religious charity; though we should doubt the record of any such means as applied to the rearing of the abbey bequeathed to us from the barbarous old times. Therefore, we do not quarrel with it in the least. Besides, we suppose the money is the thing after all; and when we hear that the proceeds of one day alone amounted to some £600, what heart can cavil? what soul reflect that the guineas were sacrificed upon the altar of Mrs. Grundy, and for the sake of "appearances," as often as to a sense of duty and for the sake of heaven? No more of that, then.

It was in the tilting-ground of Carisbrooke Castle that the bazaar was held; and whatever comparisons may be drawn between the knights who erstwhile figured there in mail, and the cavaliers who, on the auspicious day of the fair, "stood stiff in stour" and all-round collars,—we are convinced that no more charming a gathering of proud, fair women ever looked upon the tilting-ground than lounged there on Wednesday week. Whether they bought or sold—whether they presided over the pensive coffee or the lively tea in the refreshment booth, or sipped those beverages sitting on the sward—they were the beauty of the fair. They, indeed, had eyes enough for the pretty nicknackeries that crowded on the booths, the charming sketches sketched by charming hands, the crochet, the embroidery, round which hovered so spiritual an air (we saw, nay we possess, a pair of braces which are poems in their way); but the ruder sex could have eyes for them alone. To borrow a plain statement from Jenkins—the assembly was of the most *recherché* description, and comprised the *élite* of the *bon ton* at present ruralising in the island.

The bazaar was under the patronage of the Queen; but the Queen, unluckily, did not extend to the fair the bounty of a personal visit. Along one side of the ground, just under the hills from whence the fine old ruins look down on one of the most beautiful prospects in England, a long line of booths were erected. These were graced by the attendance of Lady Seymour, Mrs. A'Court Holmes, Mrs. Comor, and other ladies of the committee. Opposite was a pretty little circular rosary-looking tent, where Mrs. Tudor presided; and thither were attracted the greater number of purchasers. A fruit and flower show greatly added to the interest of the *fête*. The flowers were contributed by various residents in the island, not a few specimens coming from the gardens of Osborne House. Very fine was the exhibition as a whole; the fuschias, for which the island is famous, were indeed quite remarkable. Two very excellent military bands were on the ground, and, in the smartest trim, performed the most unexceptionably music in a careful manner.

Another very good feature we have already alluded to—the refreshment booth. There tea, coffee, and fruits, of a quality unknown, for instance, at the Crystal Palace (and all contributed by the supporters of the charity), were dispensed at charges which invited the thirsty to drink again and again. In another booth wines, and ale, and other fierce beverages were sold, together with the sandwich, the biscuit, and the bun.

The bazaar was opened again on Thursday at a reduced entrance fee; but the day was wet, the flags and streamers drooped tearfully, and the fair saleswomen learned what it is to contemplate an empty till! On Friday, when the price of admission (originally half-a-crown) was reduced still further, the weather and the attendance were again good, though neither was by any means so brilliant as on Wednesday. The same remark applies to Saturday, when the *fête* concluded.

AT CRONSTADT the docks and windows of the houses are made of iron; they were made so to resist the shot from the guns of the English and French fleets. This was the case also in many of the houses in St. Petersburg, thirty miles from Cronstadt, which shows how fearful the Russians were of an attack from the Allies.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

THE irregularities of Russia in carrying out her part of the Treaty of Paris have hitherto attracted in France little of the public attention or newspaper notice, but we hear that the Government begins to occupy itself concerning them.

On Friday week the Empress received at the Chateau of St. Cloud Marshal Duke Pelissier, who was presented to her Majesty by the Minister of War. A grand dinner was given by the Minister of War on the occasion of Marshal Duke Pelissier's return. All the general officers of the army of Paris and the high functionaries of the war administration were present at this banquet. The conqueror of Sebastopol related some anecdotes connected with his glorious campaign, and told them well. He often alluded to the fact of his having been provisionally a governor-general of Algeria, and thereby gave rise to the conjecture that the African colony will soon see him again.

General Falcou, the late commandant of the patriotic forces at Saragossa, has arrived at Pau, but it is announced that Tours has been designated by the French government for the place of his residence.

M. Turgot, the French Ambassador at the Court of Spain, has obtained leave of absence from his post.

The Emperor has returned to Paris.

SPAIN.

It appears to be the intention of the government of Madrid (says the "Independence Belge") to furnish foreign cabinets with explanations *in extenso* respecting recent events in Spain. At all events a Memorandum, drawn up for this purpose, was presented the other day to the President of the Germanic Diet, by the resident Spanish Minister at Frankfurt, the Marquis of Estrada. There is every ground for believing that his communication is not an isolated one, and that it has similarly been made to all the remaining courts of Europe.

It is asserted that dissensions have already occurred between O'Donnell and Ros de Olano, who, up to this time, has been the new Dictator's right arm.

The terms on which Saragossa had surrendered were not known, but the "Epoca" says that General Dulce had given passports for France to all who asked for them. The troops which took part in the insurrection of Saragossa were to be sent into the Basque provinces and Navarre, in order to be re-organised. General Dulce being in ill health did not intend to retain the command of Saragossa long, but it was not known who would be his successor.

The "España" implicitly contradicts the rumour of the dissolution of the Cortes, since it announces that a deputation of that assembly will be invited to attend the marriage of the Infanta Amalia with Prince Adalbert, which is to take place on the 16th inst. The "Epoca" also says that deputations of the Cortes, the grandees, the army, and other great bodies of the state are to be invited.

It appears that the Emperor of the French has written a letter to the Queen in the same spirit as the famous article in the "Moniteur" on Spanish affairs.

ITALY.

THE accounts from Naples exhibit a state of things in that capital which would hardly leave much room for surprise if any day's telegraph brought us news of a revolutionary movement. Discontent grows bolder and has spread to the army, and the vigilance of the police no longer prevents, in the open streets, conversations and criticisms hostile to the government. Although the steps taken by the Western Powers have yet produced no result in the quarter to which they were directed, although the remonstrances of France and England have been unheeded, and those of Austria (if really made and not counterbalanced by a private understanding) have not yet had time to bear fruit, the fact of English and French expostulations, and of the attention and sympathy which their condition excites in Europe, is well known to the Neapolitans, and will doubtless contribute to rouse them to the assertion and defence of their rights as men, and to resistance to the tyranny under which they suffer.

Another military mutiny has occurred in Naples. The 4th Chasseurs, at Pescara, are reported to have risen, and killed their colonel and four officers. The Anglo-Italian Legion at Malta has been broken up, but the King of Naples is by no means easy in his mind at this gathering of Italians, very few of whom have yet left the island.

Austria perseveres in her habitual policy towards Italy as far as she can. Reinforcements continue to be poured into Piacenza, and it is said that even some of the churches there have been occupied by the troops, from want of barrack accommodation. Baron Hubner is believed to be charged with an encouraging (and of course secret) message to the Sovereigns of Rome and Naples, telling them they have nothing to fear from the Western Powers, as it is impossible the Governments of France and England can agree on any line of policy with regard to Italy, and therefore it behoves Italian Sovereigns to resist all their remonstrances.

The priestly papers assert that the outbreak at Carrara was the work of Count Cavour, and that Sir James Hudson and the Duke of Grammont went to the vicinity of the spot to direct the movements. The fact is that the weather has been oppressively hot, and it is a fact that the two ambassadors were refreshing themselves with the sea breezes about Spezia when the affair took place.

The subscription for presenting 100 cannons to the Sardinian Minister of War for the armament of the new fortifications at Alessandria is going on satisfactorily. The municipality of Turin has subscribed 2,000*fr.*, and that of Susa 1,000*fr.*

The Municipal Council of Ravenna had followed the example of that of Bologna, in adopting an address to the Pope praying for relief from foreign intervention. It has even gone further—it has "bettered the instruction" for in a subsequent sitting it voted another address to his Holiness, demanding that the electoral law for the municipalities, which he himself decreed, but which has never been acted up to, should be put in force.

The Court of Rome has at last decided to send a representative to congratulate the Emperor Alexander II. upon his accession to the throne of All the Russias.

The Tuscan Government has prohibited the "Charivari" of Paris within its territory.

RUSSIA.

ON September 11, St. Alexander Newski's day, which is also the *fête* of the Emperor, he will show himself to the inhabitants of St. Petersburg for the first time as Czar after his coronation; he will on that day proceed in stately procession from the Winter Palace to the Newski Kloster. As the first harbinger of the many gratifications that are to be provided for the people during the coronation, the *chef* of the petitions' department of the Emperor's chancellerie has already made known his arrival in Moscow, his residence and his hours of business. The walls of Moscow and the minarets of the Kremlin, the Ivan Veliki, and all the Government buildings, are surrounded with scaffolding or frames for the illumination, which is to last three evenings. In consequence of the unusual number of visitors in the town, both from the interior and from foreign parts, the inhabitants suffer from an enormously high price of provisions, and it has previously been reported that the sanitary state of the town was anything but satisfactory, so that it was expected that a portion of the troops at present marching towards Moscow would be directed on to Warsaw.

A letter from St. Petersburg states that the Grand Duke Nicholas had left for Moscow, to inspect the troops returning from the Crimea.

The Emperor of Russia has directed that the ministers of all religions in his empire—non-Christian as well as Christian—shall be represented at his coronation; he is the "father" of all his people.

A telegraphic message has been received at the Council Office stating that Earl Granville and all his suite have arrived safe at St. Petersburg.

According to letters from Finland, Russia is adopting different measures which would seem to imply an intention of forming a large fortified naval establishment in the island of Kasko, to the northward of Christianstad and Sundswall. This island will be a very desirable place for such a purpose, as the water there is very deep, and the navigation of the port is open much longer than the others of the Gulf of Bothnia.

The Grand Duke Constantine, whose zeal and activity in everything connected with the navy is indefatigable, has decided, with the approbation of the Emperor, that all the vessels comprising the Baltic fleet shall, at the end of the present season, be fitted with steam-engines and screws on the newest and best system. A naval review was lately held off the coast; the Czar—and Sir Charles Napier—were present.

TURKEY AND THE EAST.

TURKEY may now be said to be evacuated by the Allied armies. The fears of one race of the Sultan's subjects, and the hopes of others, have for some months back kept them from believing in this very evident consummation of the peace. Now that the troops of the Western Powers have actually disappeared from the scene, all eyes are again turned towards Russia, who remains, if not altogether what, at least very much where, she was.

Two battalions of the Ottoman army of the Crimea have marched into Adrianople, and are to remain there in garrison, having been sent at the particular instance of Sami Pacha, who is rather alarmed for the tranquillity of this province. It is to be hoped that these two veteran battalions, which formed part of the garrison of Eupatoria, and have learned discipline and religious toleration from having been thrown together with other European troops, will set the rest of the garrison a good example, and undermine the spirit of fanaticism that exists against the Christians. Brigandage is greatly on the increase in this province, and no wonder, for no steps are taken to put it down. The principal actors are the *bachibazouks* lately disbanded from the British service—men without a home, without money, and without a trade. They lately attacked a Christian village and laid it under contribution. On the next day they attacked a caravan of thirty Turkish and four Christian merchants; several women who fell into their hands were ill-treated, and a Turk was carried off by them to the mountains and obliged to pay 12,000 piastres ransom for his liberty.

It had been made known at Constantinople that the French Minister of War has given 300 beds, barrack accommodation, and a considerable quantity of furniture and effects to the Sisters of Charity, to assist them in affording aid to sick of all nations. At Constantinople, the French commissaire has sold a large quantity of provisions.

The Polish Legion will return to Constantinople to be discharged. It is stated that the soldiers of this legion will be set to work to make roads.

Admiral Stewart, with three steamers, left for the Black Sea on the 29th July. It is asserted that he will cruise near Balchik until the complete evacuation of Kars and the solution of the difference relative to the Lake of Serpents; and it is asserted that some French steamers will be sent to join him.

The Russian Commandant of Kars has notified to the Governor of Erzeroum that he is ready to restore Kars to the Ottoman authorities.

Anapa is occupied by the Russians. The inhabitants have fled and have hidden themselves in the hills.

A Frenchman, lately arrived from Sebastopol, reports that the Russians have raised four of the sunken vessels—two steamers, a large corvette, and a frigate—and have set to repairing them.

AMERICA.

THE Presidential election has caused some warm discussion. The leading Radical Democrats of 1848 have gone over to Fremont. This movement will have an important influence upon the Presidential election, and will undoubtedly seriously damage the prospects of Mr. Buchanan in the Empire State.

On the 28th ult., the telegraphic communications between New York, Boston, Halifax, Buffalo, and Pittsburgh, were interrupted by a heavy storm. A terrible accident occurred on board the steamer *Empire State*, on the night of the 26th, on her trip from Fall River to New York. When off Point Judith, her steam pipes or flues exploded, killing seven and wounding fifteen of her passengers and crew. At the time of the accident, most of the passengers were retiring for the night, and the noise of the explosion and consequent escape of steam caused the greatest alarm and excitement among those on board.

The latest intimations regarding the Brooks and Burlingame affair state that reports were current that Burlingame had received a challenge from Mr. Bocock of Virginia; also, that he had been advised by his friends to proceed to Niagara, to await the expiration of the period assigned for the meeting with Mr. Brooks.

In the case of Mr. Herbert, the representative from California, who lately killed a waiter in an hotel in New York, and who was put on his trial for murder, the jury have returned a verdict of acquittal.

CALIFORNIA.

THE news from California continues as exciting as when the announcement was first made that the city of San Francisco had been taken out of the hands of the legal authorities by a large body of the citizens, who styled themselves the Vigilance Committee. At the date of the news (July 5), the committee continued its organisation, and was progressing in the work of ridding the city of the hordes of rogues with which it has been infested so long. On the 24th ult., the excitement in regard to the movements of the committee, which had been lulled almost into acquiescence, was revived by one of their number being stabbed in the street by David S. Terry, one of the judges of the Supreme Court of California, while the said member of the committee was attempting to arrest a notorious character. Judge Terry was immediately arrested and taken to Fort Vigilance, as the rooms of the committee are called, where at last accounts he was undergoing a trial. The last mentioned incident was the signal for an attack upon the armoury of the Marion Rifles, which was the rendezvous of the "law and order" party. The place was surrounded by over 1,000 of the committee men in arms, with three or four pieces of ordnance planted in front of it. Before this formidable array it soon capitulated, and all the arms it contained were seized, together with about one hundred prisoners of war. The latter, however, were soon released from custody. The committee had also seized a quantity of Government arms, which had been sent to San Francisco for the law and order party, on board a schooner. The Governor remained at Sacramento, and it was stated that he would make no more attempts to destroy the functions of the Vigilance Committee. The general commanding the state forces had retired.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

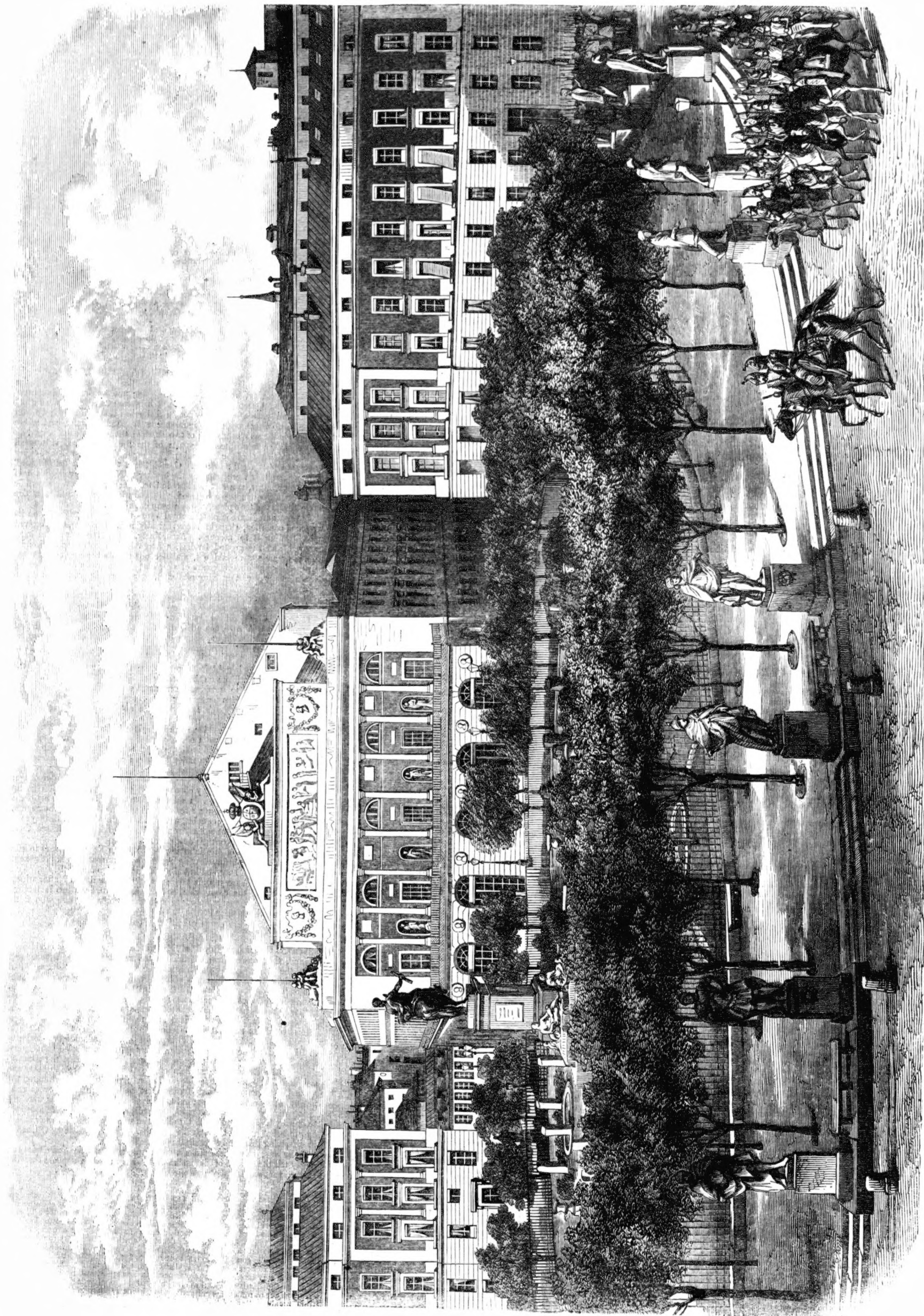
FROM Central America we have news to the 17th of June. We learn that the union between Guatemala, San Salvador, Honduras, and Costa Rica, against Walker's Government was complete, and that a portion of the Guatemalan army had marched to the Nicaraguan frontier. Guatemala, it was said, led the van, notwithstanding her financial embarrassments. The Aspinwall papers state that Senor Herran, Vice-Governor of the State of Panama, positively contradicts previous reports of the disorganised condition of Walker's troops, and asserts, on the contrary, that the General's position was good.

MEXICO.

FROM Mexico we have advices to the 22nd inst. A conspiracy to restore Santa Anna to power had been discovered at Puenom. Many of the priests were implicated.

THE CONFESSORIAL MADE PROTESTANT.—The "Hamburg News" contains a letter from Berlin of the 4th, which gives the following rather improbable piece of intelligence:—"Some of the minutes of the general conference of the Lutheran communities, which took place in May last, have just been published. It results from them that the conference was of opinion that auricular confession should be re-established, and that the clergymen should be invested with the power of pronouncing excommunication."

MONUMENT TO ARNOLD WINKELRIED.—The Government of the Swiss Republic has directed that a monument should be erected to Arnold Winkelried, who, for the sake of breaking the power of a forest of Austrian spears levelled at the Swiss at the battle of Morgarten, advanced single-handed, and opened a street to his countrymen. The idea of M. Schlott of Basle, has been accepted by the committee, which consists of a huge rock sculpture, like those of Egypt, India, &c. It represents a Swiss warrior lying slain on the ground. Upon him, as it were, lies the noble peasant Winkelried, the Austrian lances in his breast. Mortally wounded, he yet turns towards his people, inciting them to sit up; and by the hero's deed, and portends a happy issue to the great battle. The monument will be placed on a fine, quiet, arborescent meadow, through which runs a clear brook of water, on this side of Stantz, coming from Stantzstadt.



PLAZA DEL ORIENTE, MADRID.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. CLIFFORD.)

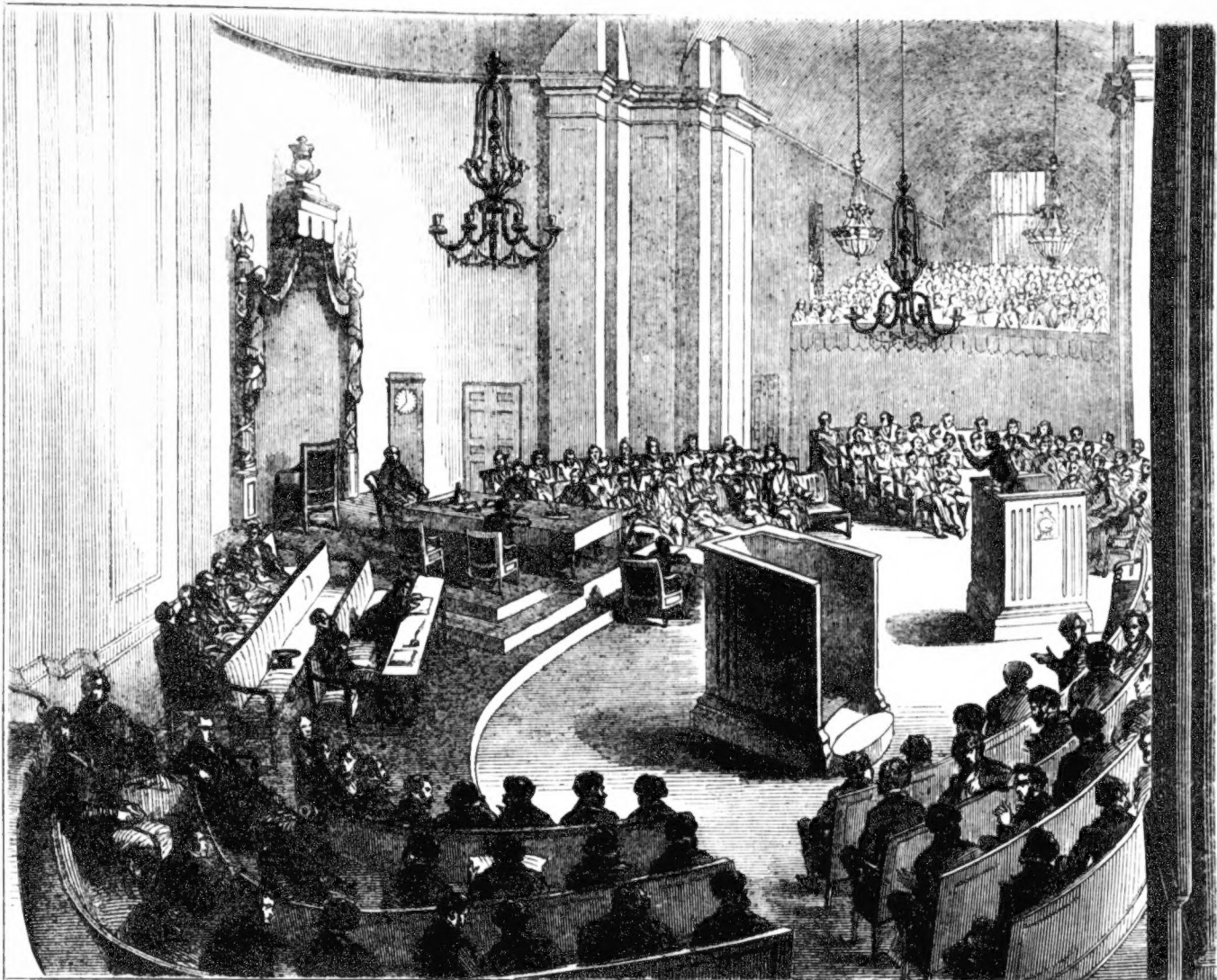
THE FEDERAL CONCERT AT GENEVA.

(From a Correspondent.)

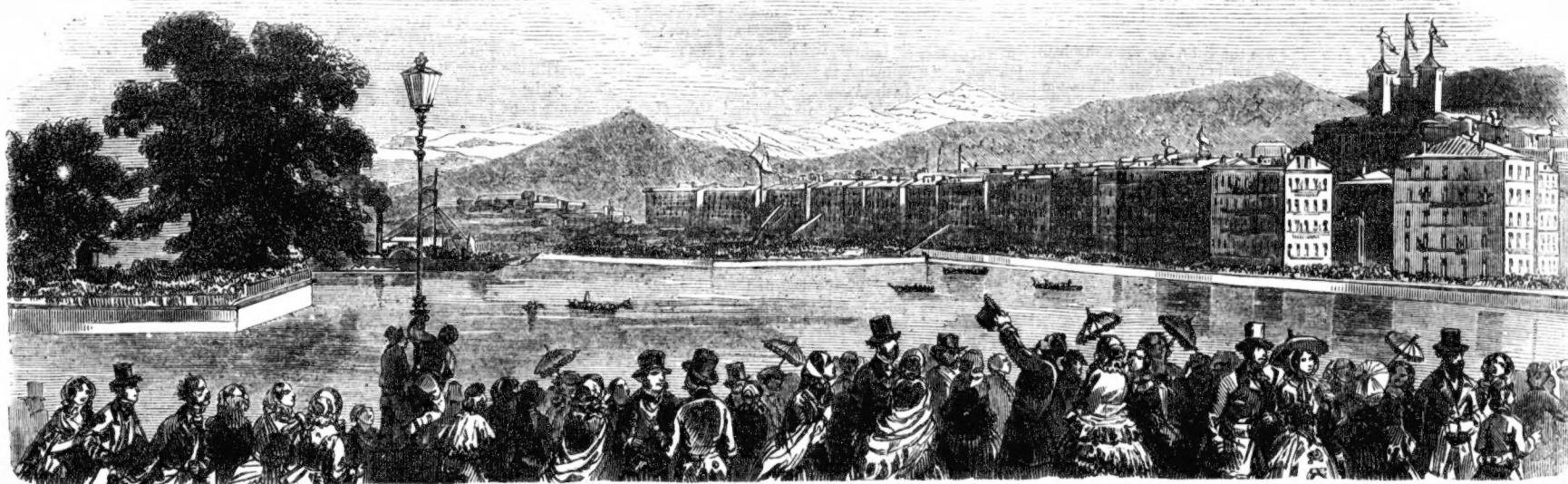
Geneva. The grand Swiss "Federal Concert," which has just taken place at Geneva, has been one of the most attractive European festivals that we have witnessed since the opening of our Great Exhibition in 1851. If the Federation had thought of advertising it, we have no doubt that the price of beds would have been tripled, that it would have been impossible to obtain a reasonable amount of food except on the most unreasonable terms, the spectators would have been so crowded and inconvenienced, that they would have been unable to see anything, and all the other advantages which characterised Munich during the Art Festival, and Paris during the visit of the Queen of England, would doubtless have been felt. As it was, however, the concert was excellent, and it was not at all impossible to obtain a seat from which you could both see and hear the executants; the banquet was brilliant, substantial, and economical (to say nothing of the invitations, which, by the exercise of a very slight amount of ingenuity, it was easy to obtain); and the ball was one of the best that ever took place, being a mixture of Asnières, Mabilly, and respectability—a combination never before heard of—with the additional advantage that it took place on the very borders of the most beautiful lake in the world.

The "Federal Concert" took place this year for the first time, and is of course more or less a consequence of the "Great Exhibitions of Industry," which have of late years become fashionable throughout Europe, and which are ingeniously made the pretexts of such great exhibitions of idleness on the part of those classes who are always on the look-out for some fresh species of amusement. There was certainly an excellent pretext for visiting Switzerland this autumn, in the fact that an admirable concert was to be given at Geneva, while for those somewhat rare persons who have never been to Switzerland the necessity of seeing it constituted a capital excuse for going to hear the Grand Helvetic concert, dining at the Grand Helvetic dinner, and dancing at the Grand Helvetic ball.

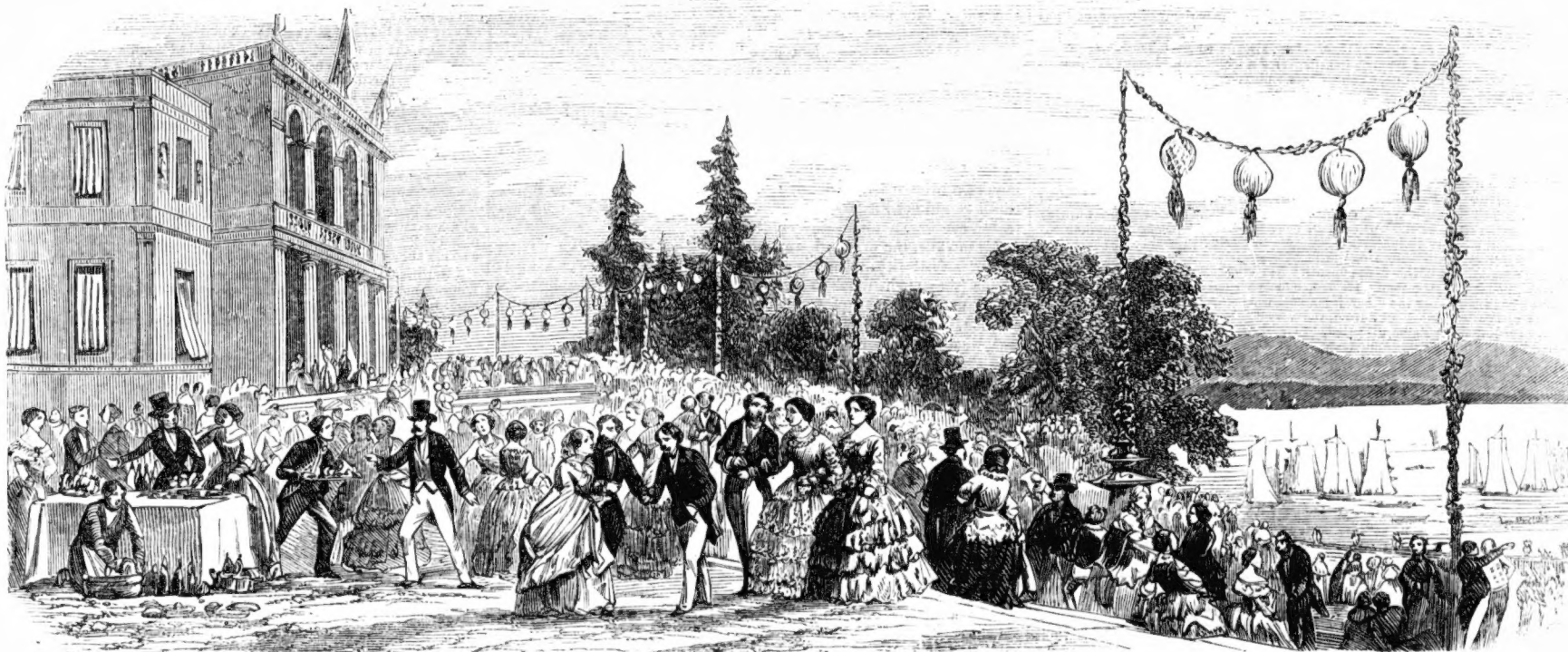
Geneva, it appears, is not always to be the favoured spot, for next year the Federal Fête will take place at Zurich, the year afterwards at Berne, the year following at some other Swiss city, until all the capitals of the principal cantons have had their turn. Consequently, we must not expect that the succeeding fêtes will be so brilliant as the one that we have just witnessed, until Geneva's turn again comes round, for Geneva is more beautifully situated than any other city in Europe, except perhaps Naples, and even then the Bay of Naples cannot always vie with the Lake of Geneva.



THE SPANISH CORTES.



THE GRAND SWISS FEDERAL CONCERT—ARRIVAL AT GENEVA OF THE VARIOUS MUSICAL SOCIETIES.



FETE AT THE VILLA BARTHOLOMY.

The situation of Geneva is not only beautiful, it is positively luxurious; and with its head at the foot of the mountains, and the blue waters of the lake at its feet; with its thousand villas extending in the right, and its green woods on the left, one would think it pre-eminently a town of idleness and ease. The little barks with their triangular white sails, which are seen flitting about the lake in the distance, like sea-birds, would add to the impression were it not for the significant presence of the snorting, splashing steamers, whose numbers have of late years greatly increased, and which are too rapid and too noisy to suggest anything less disagreeable than business.

Geneva is, in fact, one of the most thoroughly mercantile cities in the world, and commerce is carried on by its inhabitants with so much success, that, according to a calculation made a few years since, out of its twenty thousand inhabitants, not less than eighty-five were millionaires—that is to say, millionaires in the Swiss and French sense of the term, in other words, possessors of not less than a million francs, or forty thousand pounds. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Geneva enjoyed all the advantages of peace. Its commerce became developed to such an extent, that at present its trade is everything and its mere territorial property nothing. If all the citizens of the canton claimed their share of the soil, there would be scarcely ten square feet for each of them. All the monied aristocracy of Switzerland is congregated at Geneva, and the three or four thousand workmen whom they employ supply all Europe with watches, chains, and jewellery. If I may be excused entering into details which are not immediately connected, I will call the reader's attention to the fact that 75,000 ounces of gold and 50,000 marks of silver change their form every year in the hands of the Genevese workmen, and that the articles manufactured by them, in spite of Custom Houses and Custom House officers, are, for the most part, delivered in France or elsewhere free of duty, on the purchaser binding himself to pay, in addition to the price agreed upon, a commission of five per cent., which is considered sufficient to cover all risks. Every visitor to Geneva is acquainted with the celebrated show rooms of Beuthe, the jeweller, but all are not acquainted with the details of an ingenious trick which is said to have been played off by the said Beuthe on the Director-General of the Customs in France. M. de Saint Cricq had heard of Beuthe's ingenuity, and determined to test it. He accordingly purchased 30,000 francs' worth of watches and jewellery at the well-known establishment, at the same time signing a paper, by which he bound himself to pay the usual five per cent. upon the delivery of the articles at his house in Paris. The jeweller smiled when his customer wrote his name, but at the same time assured him that the things he had purchased should arrive at their destination in Paris, at least as soon as his owner. M. de Saint Cricq contented himself with warning the Custom House officers along the frontier that an extensive act of smuggling was meditated by a Genevese watchmaker, and started for Paris. On his arrival, after exchanging the usual salutations with his wife and family, he went upstairs to his bedroom, and on the table found a case of jewellery directed to M. de Saint Cricq, which turned out to be the one he had purchased of M. Beuthe, at Geneva.

The ingenious jeweller had instructed a waiter at M. de Saint Cricq's hotel to slip the case into one of his trunks while assisting his customer's servants to pack up their masters' things.

The jewellery exhibited on the occasion of the federal fête, was more attractive than usual from the number of pretty women who served as vehicles for its display. Beuthe was in ecstasies. He was heard to say that "this was what his chains and brooches had been waiting for many years." But the great jewellers of Geneva are alike. Thanks to the commercial ideas which so entirely occupy them, they have something of the Manchester element in their composition, and look upon pretty girls as mere accessories to pretty jewellery. As the Manchester cotton printer thinks the best looking portion of the female sex were formed for showing "madder purples" or "garancine reds," so the Genevese jeweller views them as admirable elastic and moving stands on which to hang chains, rings, and bracelets.

The ladies (and jewellers') great fête was the Saturday when the ball was given at the Villa Bartholomy. The arrival of the Choral Societies which took place on the Wednesday was everybody's fête. Certainly as the steamers came along the lake with their musical freights, they were welcomed with a delight which seemed to indicate that the Genevese were almost as great musical fanatics as those inhabitants of Turin, whom Mr. Bayle St. John so complacently abuses for their enthusiasm at the opera. The great artistic fête took place on Thursday in the cathedral, when some of the greatest works of Beethoven and Mendelssohn were performed. A cathedral is the place for such compositions, which, executed in concert-rooms to audiences which expect to be amused rather than moved, frequently fail to produce their effect. The Choral Societies of Switzerland are admirable. I will express no opinion about the English Societies, but as far as those of France are concerned, I must say that they are contemptible when compared with the Helvetic choristers. The Cologne Society and some other of the German choral unions are probably the only bodies of vocalists in the world who can be pronounced equal to those who took part in the performance at the Geneva Cathedral.

The Geneva fête was highly successful, and if I were to attempt to describe half the attractions it offered, or a quarter of the delight it produced, I should necessarily drive you to the expedient of a double number—an expedient which you would in all probability decline to adopt.

A TRANSPORT STEAMER ON SHORE.—The Clarendon (screw steam-transport No. 5), from Balacava and Gibraltar, with troops and horses for Cadiz, to coal and water, sprung a leak in the night of the 30th July; and the water having extinguished the fires, the officers and troops were transferred to the French ship *Constance*, of Cherbourg, on her voyage from Matanzas to Marseilles. The Clarendon, being almost in a sinking state, was run on shore on the 31st, near Rota, but has since been got off and towed into the harbour of Cadiz, and put on shore at Puntalea.

STREET AMUSEMENTS.—Mr. H. Mayhew, already so well known for his admirable delineations of London life, delivered a lecture, on Monday evening, at the Polytechnic Institution, on the street amusements and occupations of this great metropolis. Nothing could have been more graphic or more amusing than his account of interviews he had had with members of every fraternity, from "Punch" down to the unfortunate foreigner who earns a livelihood by exhibiting his monkey, and "splitting the ears of the groundlings" with the discards of his barrel-organ. The hall was crowded, and nothing could exceed the merriment which his curious and funny descriptions created, nor the applause with which he was greeted at the close of his lecture.

PROVIDENTIAL PRESERVATION OF LIFE.—In excavating the ruins of one of two buildings in Leith Wynd, Edinburgh, that had fallen down on Thursday last, burying seven or eight persons in the debris, two of whom were taken out dead, and the others seriously injured, an extraordinary instance was exhibited of providential preservation of life amid hopelessly fatal circumstances. Ten hours after the fall of the house opposite had knuckled in the gable of a tenement in which a poor family resided, and had crumbled down the floors to the bottom, and long after the other inmates had been extricated, a child of four years of age was taken out from the very depth of the ruins, with his head downwards and his limbs distorted, but without having in the least suffered from its long and terrible imprisonment amid a pile of broken wood and stones. A search had been made for the child in the hope of finding its body, and when it was taken out alive the emotion of the crowd near the spot was shown in shouts of delight.

GREYNA-GREEN MARRIAGES.—The Act of Parliament passed in the late session (brought forward by Lord Brougham) will shortly take effect, and prevent Grey-na-green and also Border marriages. From the 31st of December next, no irregular marriage contracted in Scotland by declaration, acknowledgment, or ceremony, shall be valid unless one of the parties has at the date thereof his or her usual place of residence there, or had lived in Scotland for twenty-one days preceding such marriage.

COLONEL LAKE, C.B.—Colonel Atwell Lake, once of the Madras Engineers, and more recently "of Kav," has been compelled by the state of his health to retire from the company's service. We believe that he retires on the pension belonging to the rank of a captain in the army. It is to be hoped, therefore, that her Majesty's government will confer on him something more than mere barren rank in the Queen's service.

SELF-MUTILATION IN THE ARMY.—The finding of the court-martial which was held at Chatham Barracks, last week, for the trial of Private William Dowell, 32nd Regiment, on a charge of having wilfully blown off his right hand at Chatham, with the view of being discharged from the service, has been made known to the troops at Chatham, having received the approval of his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief. The prisoner is sentenced to 168 days' imprisonment, but he is not to be discharged from the service.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.
LUTHER'S TANKARD.—We have to thank a Correspondent for calling our attention to the error in the article on Luther in our last week's Number—in including Huss with Luther, Melancthon, and others, when Huss had been dead for more than a century.
SERGEANT W. D.—The sketch has been received.

ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1856.

ENGLISH CONTRASTS.

It has been difficult to read the newspapers this week, without having one's attention struck by the extremes which our society presents. Contrasts are natural in old and civilised states, but surely it is almost incredible that a country like ours should be perusing, in one and the same day, the reports of the British Association and the confession of Dave! At least, it is impossible to do so, and not to moralise on the spectacle.

Here, on the one hand, you have a body of men moving through the country—cultivated, you may say, to the very tips of their ears—now telling the neighbourhood how such and such a cave was affected by the Deluge,—now laying down the laws as to the longevity of Pieb-Biddlecum in remote ages to come,—measuring the mountain and weighing the air, and charming their secrets out of heat and light. Turn round, and you behold an Englishman (and not one of what we call the lowest class of life) telling his countrymen how he consulted a "wise man," or "wizard" as to what would be his destiny at the age of thirty-two. He is not "insane" either, in any sense in which such a plea can be allowed to a murderer. With the shadow of death coming over him, the man sees much of his folly and weakness, and talks soberly and justly. Were it otherwise, we should have to say that he had been murdered himself. No. He was simply a representative of the state of ignorance which our condition allows to be that of many in England; for nobody supposes that the poor wretch "kept" a wizard. Mr. Harrison must have had other customers, and had gained his reputation among them. He was a "wise man" in their eyes—much what Newton is in the eyes of the British Association. How many hundreds must be in much the same state of spiritual belief! The story carries one back to those famous reports, which everybody has seen, of the state of education in certain districts,—showing how some of our countrymen had never heard of Christ, or knew whether the world they lived in was round or square.

We wish we could get the present statistics of superstition—a return, for instance, of the number of "wizards" at present in England. Waiving an obvious comic allusion to our Andersons, we want to know about that different breed, the Harrisons. Do they require a license to deal "in spirits" of their peculiar kind? Are they known to the police? Is their calling recognised and permitted, or, in plain language, are they likely to be allowed to go on exercising an evil influence over such poor creatures as the one who died at York this day-week?

That Mr. Harrison *did* exercise a kind of authority over Dove, is clear from the man's confession. He had no motive for lying, he seems to have been sincerely penitent, and he was in the sight of certain death. We credit him, therefore, when he says that he had believed in some spiritual or supernatural power of Harrison's. There are plenty of superstitions yet vital among our humble classes—fortune-telling, lucky days, accidents, or omens, or dreams, all playing their part. Some are relics (we may presume) of the old Paganism of Europe; some are harmless or even beautiful; but, on the whole, they are all dangerous. The crimes to which they lead in some countries are of the deadliest character. But, indeed, they are more dangerous now than even in olden times. For example, our ancestors would (in a blind and rather savage way, it is true) have put an end to Mr. Harrison's career; but we, by dint of our very enlightenment, let him alone. Who cares about him? ask the cultivated classes. But how do they know? What do we really know of a hundred things about the poor? till a tragedy awakens us to them—a tragedy like that of Dove. It is time that we should inquire a little more curiously; and we are much mistaken if the result would not furnish an odd chapter in the history of the nineteenth century.

Meanwhile, the practical way is to commence an active war on darkness forthwith. Here is a field for the parson, and for his colleague (they ought never to be separated properly), the schoolmaster. There are two ways of attacking superstition—by science and by religion. The first would show poor A. or B. that the "wizard" was what old Weller would call "a fabulous animal;" the second, that the scheme of infinite wisdom did not require such assistants, or permit such obstructions. We fear that the common school system, by its merely practical and wooden way of going to work, leaves the poor exposed to these superstitious influences. It makes no allowance for the popular need of imaginative and spiritual food—of communion with the unseen and mysterious. On the other hand, if our teachers are too narrow, so our preachers are not sufficiently practical. They should address themselves directly to the superstitions of the people, and give them, in a plain manner, the proper substitute. Every superstitious nature has some religious capability, as the case of this Dove once more shows; and we daresay there are hundreds of beings in the country, forming strange notions of what the Devil and his friends can do for them, all for want of being taught a higher object of worship. So that, while the highest science in Europe is being expounded at Cheltenham, the lowest of all forms of superstition—devil-worship—is shown to have existed at Leeds! This is a contrast far from creditable to our English civilisation.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HER MAJESTY AND THE ROYAL FAMILY left Osborne on Monday for a visit to the Channel Islands. The Royal Squadron comprises the Victoria and the Fairy, the Irene, Black Eagle, the Vivid, &c.—in all, nine vessels.

A **STATUE** of the late General Sir Charles Napier ("the bearded warrior swept Scinde") is about to be erected in Trafalgar Square.

MOT RAVIFFE has voluntarily resigned the post of Governor-General of the number-in-Chief of the Caucasus, and has been appointed to a seat in the Council of State. He is to be succeeded by Lieut.-General Prince Bariatzky.

AN ENGLISH JOCKEY, who was engaged to ride several horses at the St. Martin, in France, resolved to lighten himself by abstaining from solid food. He was taken sick during this abstinence, and then strangled himself in his bed.

A **CLERGYMAN** of KING'S LYNN, Norfolk, who had been married several weeks, was lately found in a field of corn, in a dreadful condition, he was alive, but flies and insects had actually eaten his skin. It is some sad and unfortunate gentleman, who is insane, had passed the three weeks in this subsisting on the scarcely ripe ears of corn.

AT PERLOW, Somersetshire, a woman named Ford went, against the will of her husband (who was jealous) to a meeting-making. As she was going home, she met him in an intoxicated state, when he struck her and caused her death.

IN THE NEW YORK SENATE a bill had been passed providing that when unoccupied guano islands should be discovered by American citizens, they be considered as appertaining to the United States.

A **COMMITTEE** has been appointed, under the presidency of General P. Vassiltchikoff, to inquire how far the sufferings of the Russian armies during the late war were caused by bad military administration.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY in France are said to be busily at work to persuade members of their own persuasion at the next general election for Paris. Their list is, that they will put forward MM. Carnot, Vidal, and Proudhon, the first representing the bourgeois Republicans, the second the operative classes, and the third the ultra-theorists.

MASTER MURPHY has placed on the file of the proceedings in the Tipperary Bank case a minute to relieve himself from two charges—an improper private examination of James Sadieir, and an acquittal of him in regard to fraud.

A **CLAIM** against the King Consort of Spain for eight millions of francs, and a written agreement made by him in 1840, when he was Don Francisco de Asis, with M. de Tattet, a French merchant in London, is likely to cause a lawsuit to be litigated at Paris, and to lead to some very curious disclosures.

TWENTY-SIX CHINAMEN were drowned in May last, by the partial derailing of the steamer *Rose*, near Hongkong.

MRS. H. BECHER STOWE is again on a visit to England.

IT IS REPORTED that the Emperor Napoleon purposes creating a military sabbat; he has commenced by giving the title of Duke to Pelissier.

THE RUSSIAN MILITIA is now everywhere disbanded throughout the empire. **SIR CHARLES NAPIER**, whilst in St. Petersburg, was so annoyed by the poverty he created, that he quitted the capital abruptly.

LORDS FERMOY and TALBOT of MALAHIDE will be created Peers of the United Kingdom—the former by his present title, the legality of which has been denied by the House of Lords, and the latter by that of Tyrconnell, which has been extinct for nearly two centuries.

COLONEL PIPON, the assistant adjutant-general, is said to be engaged in a complete revision of the Queen's regulations and orders of the army.

SOME WASTE LAND ON DARTMOOR has been lately cultivated with great success. We hear of good crops in hay, grain, and potatoes.

MR. OSBORNE, M.P., is transacting the business of the Admiralty in London, in the absence of Sir Charles Wood, who is engaged on the annual tour of inspection of the naval establishments.

HOW TO "KEEP OFF THE FLIES" is a serious consideration at the present moment. It is said that they have a strong objection to the neighbourhood of laurel oil, and we are informed that they will not enter a room in which a wreath of laurel leaves has been hung up.

SOUTH HACKNEY has followed the example of the neighbouring parishes of St. John's and St. Barnabas, Homerton, by refusing to grant a church rate.

BY AN ACT OF LAST SESSION, her Majesty can appoint a Vice-President of Council on Education at a salary not exceeding £2,000 a year.

MR. DAVID BUCHANAN, lately editor of the "Caledonian Mercury," and now in connection with an influential paper in the West of Scotland, has just presented with a splendid service of plate and several valuable works of literature, by his brethren of the press in Edinburgh.

THE OFFICE OF CUSTOS BARON OF THE EXCHEQUER is abolished by an act of last session, and in future the Chief Baron, any Baron of the exchequer, or officer of the court, will have to perform the duties of the same.

ROBERT SCHUMANN has died in the lunatic asylum at Bonn, of which he has long been an inmate. His death can scarcely be regarded as a subject of regret. It must be a relief, rather than a calamity, to his afflicted wife and children.

THE ENTIRE FEES paid for the defence in the Burnopfield murder case are amounting to eighteen guineas; the costs of the prosecution amounted to £15 15s. 10d., of which counsel's fees alone amounted to £176 8s.

MR. J. WINSLOW, a fine young man, aged 21, of Trinity College, Dublin, lost his life last week while bathing in the sea at Dover. He went out in a bathing machine and undressed, and went into the water, but nothing more was seen of him.

A **GENERAL MEETING** of all the Roman Catholic associations of Germany will be held at Linz from the 22nd to the 25th of next month. Amongst the subjects announced for consideration are, the formation of a Roman Catholic university in Germany and the extension of the Roman Catholic press.

MR. DALLAS, the American Minister, had a long conference with Lord Clarendon, on Friday week, at the Foreign Office.

THE LONDON DINNER TO THE GUARDS will be graced by a large quantity of venison, contributed by a nobleman of high distinction.

A **LADY DROWNED** herself last week at Hammersmith, in consequence, it is supposed, of a recent attack of small-pox which had disfigured her person, and so deranged her mind.

THE RIGHT REV. DR. CHARLES BARING, who has been appointed Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, and the Right Rev. Henry J. C. Harper, who has been appointed Bishop of Christ Church, New Zealand, were consecrated in the past chapel of Lambeth Palace.

WHEAT REAPED BY THE MARQUIS OF TWFFEDALE on a farm at Dursley, 750 feet above the level of the sea, has brought, in the Haddington market, 2s. 6d. quarter more than any other wheat exhibited.

NEVAN, the marine, who was convicted last session for shooting a sergeant of the Royal Marines on board the *Runnymede*, at Saltash, in the Harwich, Plymouth, suffered the extreme penalty of the law on Monday. He appeared to be deeply affected, and died struggling violently.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE, it appears, is not in course of rebuilding at all. The site of it has not been taken; neither has any contract for rebuilding it been entered into. Whether it will be applied to the same or some other purpose has not yet been determined upon.

THE TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION from Sardinia to Algiers has been broken in consequence of an accident to the cable.

MONT BLANC has just been ascended by a young Englishwoman, in company with her father, a Mr. Forman. The ascent was made in the unusually short period of fifteen hours—the descent in seven. Miss Forman is the fourth female who has accomplished the feat.

A **SLIGHT COLLISION** occurred last week on the London and North-Western Railway, not far from Birmingham, between an up-train from Liverpool and a goods train. The slow pace at which the train was going prevented loss of life, but about twenty persons were more or less injured—one lady had her leg broken, another her jaw fractured.

THE CHOLERA is very severe at Madeira.

A **PARTY OF GENTLEMEN** were bathing at Southport, when one of them fell out of his depth and sank; another struck out to his assistance, but was eagerly clutched by the drowning man that they sank together, and neither more alive.

MISS NIGHTINGALE has arrived at her home in Derbyshire.

THE STEAMER in which Prince Oscar of Sweden made the passage from Kjö to Korsör came against a rock. The Prince and the other passengers had some difficulty in reaching land in the boats.

BROADWOOD'S PIANOFORTE MANUFACTORY, an extensive range of premises containing property of immense value, was totally destroyed by fire on Tuesday evening.

A **VERY VIOLENT THUNDERSTORM** broke over various parts of the county of Northampton, Friday, and Saturday of last week. Several persons were killed by lightning, and many parts of Lancashire and Cheshire were flooded.

THE AMERICANS are afflicted by a rumour that Sir George Cornewall Lewis has supplied the opponents of Mr. Buchanan with money to assist them in defeating their man and defeating the Democratic candidate.

CHOLERA still continues its ravages in Lisbon and through the province of Peniche is now declared infected. The French screw liner *Prince Jerome* has lost several men from this disease and typhus fever: the ship has been very sickly.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

In this intensely dull season of the year, when those Londoners who are "long" the Rhine, the German baths, and the Continent generally, leave with anxious expectation to "Galignani's" *réchauffé* of their favourite journals, and when the fashionable people left in town, heat-broken and discouraged, find no newspaper attraction even in the police report, for it is too hot even for vice to be active, we are always pre-eminently grateful for a little excitement. The conductors of the "Times," ever anxious to maintain their acknowledged superiority, have during the last week kindly pandered to the public taste, and have actually caused a sensation in August, by a series of articles culminated against the immorality of the English stage. It is well known among literary men that the chief duty of the editor of a responsible journal is to take care that the articles appearing in the publication under his charge should, to a certain degree, assimilate; it is his special province to see that the current of opinion should be the same in all parts of the paper, and an editor who would place his "imprimatur" on a laudatory review of Sir E. B. Lytton's works, and in a leading article denounce the worthy Baronet as a metaphysical charlatan, would infallibly be removed from his post. From the commencement of the season, the *cheval de bataille* at her Majesty's Theatre has been an opera called "La Traviata," founded upon Alexandre Dumas fils' novel of the "Dame aux Camélias," a translation of the dramatic version of which was deservedly refused license by the Lord Chamberlain. The musical critic of the "Times" (or some gentleman acting in his place—I believe the regular musical critic confined his notices during the past season to the opera at the Lyceum), was foremost in his laudations of this lyrical drama. Never before was such acting as that of Mlle. Paeudomini, the heroine; never such pathos; never such enchantment. The opera has been the stock attraction for three months, when just as the house was about closing, one of the virtuous leader-writers of the same journal wakes up, and in a lengthy article administers the severest censure to the manager of the theatre who produced it, and to the British public who dared witness the abomination. A day or two after a second article appeared, specially devoted to the extermination of the drama of "Rédemption" which was played at the Olympic, and to the annihilation of Mr. Tom Taylor, its author, and Mr. Wigan, the lessee of the house. These leaders were couched in language, the perusal of which must have made Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds tremble for his laurels. "Fifth," "cesspools," "slime," and "literary hodmen," were amongst the terms employed. Now, no one can deny that the subjects of both these pieces were unfitted for dramatic representation on the English stage; it is our just pride that our wives, sisters, and daughters, have more proper license, and less improper subjects placed before them, both in literature and the drama, than the women of any other nation. What I protest against is the handling of the "Times," after having allowed the whole season to pass, after having printed most laudatory criticisms on both pieces, after having seen the steady quietude led forth before its eyes, then to turn round and slam the stable door with a crash of virtuous indignation which shall resound through Europe. Let it look at home! The "Times" newspaper is one of the boasts of our country, the enterprise and talent employed in it are unspokeable. We have other morning journals, one or two of which are superior to any foreign publication; and yet no one thinks he has read the newspaper, until he has seen the "Times." But it is equally well known that in its columns are to be found the most minute details of cases "unfit for publication," such as are scorned by every other respectable periodical, and such as induce Paterfamilias to pocket the journal after perusing it at the breakfast-table, instead of leaving it for the edification of the household. Let it reform in this respect; let it have the honesty to crush purring vice in the bud, rather than assail it when in full flower, and it will do much more real service than by publishing vituperative articles on moribund plays.

The confession of the wretched murderer Dove is not without its lesson nor is the behaviour of the miserable convict devoid of matter for comment. It could scarcely be believed that, in the present day, there were any sufficiently superstitious to believe in the power of wizards, or their influence for good and ill, and I fear that too much will be made by the unthinking of the apparent faith placed by Dove in Harrison at Leeds. After an attentive perusal of the confession, my own belief is, that even in his dying hour, the murderer—who had shown himself not only weak, but cruel and perverse from his youth—could not shake off all disguise, and endeavoured to obtain a posthumous credit for shallow-mindedness, in preference to being remembered as an assassin. That this Harrison was a miserable impostor and cheat, there can be no doubt; but I question much whether, as ascribed to him by Dove, he ever prompted the deed, his very shrewdness and foresight leading to a different conclusion on the subject. The tone now taken by prisoners under sentence of execution offers also matter for serious comment. These wretched beings, under the terror of their approaching doom, appear to fancy that the worldly expiation of their offences made by their death, is also a spiritual expiation for their crimes. Thus, for instance, Dove in a letter to Mr. Wright, the Manchester philanthropist, talks of his pleasure at having been led to commit the crime for which he was about to suffer, in order that he might pass through the fiery ordeal, and so be cleansed, &c. Thus, to themselves and to unthinking persons who read these accounts, the vilest criminals assume a species of pseudo-martyrdom, and the result must be dreadfully pernicious on those morbid minds which are always on the rack to know the movements and sayings of persons in such a position.

However dull we may be here in town, the good old city of Canterbury wakes at this season of the year from its solemn religious slumber, and is gay. The streets are filled with stalwart muscular swells in flannel suits, or clad in the gay costume of the Zingari, the venerable prelates throw aside their customary exclusiveness, and all is joy. Moreover, the theatre is open, the theatre never profaned by professional tread, but sacred to the amateur sock and buskin. The company, composed of swells, guardsmen, and one or two *littérateurs*, is uncommonly strong this season, and I hear great things of a gallant Crimean hero's performance in the "Camp at Chobham," and of the success of a new melodrama called the "Black Book," by Mr. Palgrave Simpson. Miss Reynolds and Miss Marston are the professional ladies engaged at Canterbury.

English Italian is a favourite subject for joke among our Continental friends. The accomplished and eccentric editor of the musical organ of the metropolis has detected an exquisite bit of Italian English, the translation of the celebrated "Di pescatore ignobile," in the published libretto of "Lucrezia Borgia," which I annex for the amusement of your readers:—

GENNARO.

Of an ignoble fisherman
I thought I was the son,
And my first year in Naples,
Obscured, I passed with him;
Then came a warrior strange,
And took me from my error.
He gave me a steed and arms,
And left me with a paper."

(Extract from Manfredo Maggioni's translation of "Lucrezia Borgia.")

The serious public, the drab-coloured ladies and gentlemen who object to theatrical representations and eschew gas, rouge, and gay-coloured garments as special baits of the evil one, will have an opportunity of hearing the *chefs d'œuvres* of eminent composers represented in what, even to them, must be a most inoffensive manner. Messrs. Cramer and Beale purpose giving in the principal provincial towns, a series of what they call "Opera Recitals," that is to say, the entire opera chosen will be represented, the performers being in private costume and without the immoral adjuncts of scenery, &c. Grisi and Maria, Madame and Monsieur Gassier and Madame Sedlacek are among the principal artistes engaged, and there is very little doubt that the project will be a successful one.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

MADAME VESTRIS—ADELPHI.

On the night of Friday, the 8th inst., at 12 o'clock, at her residence, Grove Lodge, Fulham, expired Mrs. Charles Mathews, whose fame as Madame Vestris was European. An excellent actress, a charming singer, and a consummate manageress, possessing perhaps more talent for dramatic effect than any other person, male or female, now on the stage, the life of Madame Vestris was a most eventful one. To her we are

indebted for the *reissenblance* which now is considered as an essential part of scenic representation; she first rescued the more material portion of the drama from the state into which it had fallen, struck a deathblow at conventionality, and taught the meanest member of her company that however bad his part might be, it was worth devoting some attention to. Born in the year 1797, the daughter of Francesco Bartolozzi, an eminent engraver, she first came upon the stage in accordance with the wishes of her husband, M. Armand Vestris, first dancer at, and ballet master of, the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, and at which house she made her first appearance in "Il Ratto di Proserpina." After acting for some time in Paris she returned to England, and accepted an engagement with Mr. Elliston at Drury Lane, where she shortly afterwards appeared in a parody on Mozart's Don Giovanni, called "Giovanni in London," in which she sustained the character of the hero, and Harley that of Leporello. Her fame was now established, and she continued playing at Drury Lane and Covent Garden until she became the lessee of the Olympic Theatre, where she assembled round her an unrivalled Company, and where several of the most popular authors of the present day, among them Messrs. Planché and Charles Dance, first obtained celebrity. Here Mr. Charles Mathews made his first appearance in the "Old and Young Stager," in which he was admirably supported by Liston, then prime favourite of this establishment. In the year 1838, Madame Vestris was married to Mr. Charles Mathews, and they immediately started for America, leaving the Olympic under the management of Mr. Planché. On their return, they became lessees of Covent Garden, where several excellent comedies, burlesques, and pantomimes were produced under their management. The speculation, however, was not a prosperous one, and the theatre was given up. After that they appeared at Drury Lane under Mr. Macready, at the Princess's under Mr. Maddox, and at the Haymarket under Mr. Webster, finally settling down as the lessees of the Lyceum in the year 1847. Here Madame Vestris, though slightly broken in constitution, continued the principal attraction, until the disease to which she eventually succumbed, and which was of the most excruciating and utterly incurable nature, compelled her to retire from the stage. Her last appearance was on the occasion of her husband's benefit, in September, 1854, when she played in "Sunshine through the Clouds," an English version of Madame de Girardin's drama "La Joie fait Peur." Her talent, industry, and kindheartedness will long be remembered in the profession.

"Irish Assurance and Yankee Modesty," produced on Monday night at the Adelphi, is an exceedingly bad farce, which is rendered very ludicrous and apparently very pleasing to the audience by the excellent acting of Mr. Burney Williams. This gentleman represents one of those wonderful stage Irishmen who invariably carry all before them, and manage matters exactly as they wish. Mrs. Williams, in a Yankee "help" in the same piece, gave so simply a *réchauffé* of everything else she has played in English, our sey-hobbing, an nasal twang included. It is a pity that such an excellent actor as Mr. Williams should have chosen so had a vehicle for the display of his talent.

STRANGE MURDER IN PARIS.

A MURDER attended with circumstances of extraordinary interest has occurred in Paris.

The murderer's name is Poirier, his age is thirty-five, and he was employed as office-porter by the Société d'Emigration Franco-Américaine, in the Rue de la Fidélité, Faubourg St. Martin. On Saturday week the chief *employés* of the company, on the termination of the business of the day, went into the country intending to stop till Monday, and they left him in charge of the offices. In the evening he went out, and after stopping some time returned with a young woman, who went upstairs with him, the concierge making no objection. In the night, the concierge, as already stated, was awakened by a strange noise on the staircase. He got up and found Poirier dragging down by the legs the body of a woman with the head cut off. The chemise of the victim was tied over the neck, probably to prevent the effusion of blood. The concierge, whose name is Ferrazzeau, horrified, cried for his wife to come to him, and armed himself with an old sword. He then said to Poirier,—"Wretch! what have you done? You shall not pass!" "What matters it," said Poirier, "whether I pass or not? I am avenged on a woman who has made me suffer a good deal, and I have no wish to escape! Arrest me, if you like!" He, however, returned up stairs, and the concierge and his wife hastened to summon the police. The police at once proceeded to the man's bedroom on the sixth story, but did not find him, nor any trace of the crime. They accordingly descended to the offices, the door of which was open, and found that the murder had been committed in a kitchen attached to them, which is fitted up as a bedroom. The first object that attracted their attention was an iron balance, forming part of a letter-copying-press; and as it was covered with blood, and had hair adhering to it, it was evident that the victim had been beaten about the head with it. On a table was a knife stained with blood; near the bed, which was also stained with blood (a fact which shows that the young woman must have been struck on the head whilst lying in it), was a large tin pail, nearly filled with blood; and in this pail was the head of the victim. On the table were some empty bottles of wine, some biscuits, and other remains of a supper. The murderer had jumped out of the second floor window into the street, and so escaped.

The body was exposed at the Morgue, and the head was fitted to the neck—the hair being so arranged as to prevent the place where the head was severed being seen. The police are making active researches after the murderer Poirier, but as yet without success. It is considered probable that he has committed suicide, and it is supposed that in jumping from the window just before the police went to arrest him, his object was not to escape, but to kill himself. It is supposed that his intention was to dismember the body of the murdered woman, but that after cutting off the head he found that the operation would take too much time, and he accordingly determined to bury her in the cellar. Having completely stripped the woman, and enveloped the neck in her chemise, as at first mentioned, to prevent the blood from falling about, he put the body on his shoulders with the legs in the air. In descending the staircase the arms fell and struck against the steps, and it was the noise so occasioned which awoke the concierge. Had it not been for this noise, the man would no doubt have succeeded in burying the body; and he would then have easily been able to remove the head, the blood and other traces of his crime.

A later account says:—"A vast number of persons yesterday visited the Morgue to examine the body of the young woman who was murdered in the Rue de la Fidélité. Early in the day the police, being told that she resembled a young woman who had lived in the service of a family in a village near Paris, and who was known to be acquainted with the murderer, immediately made inquiries, and the result was that the female referred to was found to be still living, and to have no knowledge whatsoever of the deceased. Later in the day two women, who entered with the crowd, were observed to examine the features with great attention, and at last one of them exclaimed to the other, 'She is really very like Marie!!' A police agent, who was near, hearing the exclamation, immediately requested the women to follow him to the office inside. They made no objection, and being interrogated by the commissary of police, they stated that they believed the deceased to have been in a house in the Rue St. Sauveur. The head was then brought to them for closer inspection, but the features, notwithstanding the embalming, having undergone a very considerable alteration, they hesitated to persist in their declaration. The preceding evening, the change in the features having been perceived, orders were given to have a cast of the face taken in wax. This was effected with care, and a perfect likeness was obtained. The cast thus prepared having been presented to the two women, they at once declared that they felt certain that the deceased was the person whom they thought, namely, Marie Augustine H—, twenty-eight years of age, born in the department of the Seine et Marne. At the same time, the mistress of the house in the Rue St. Sauveur recognised the clothes of the murdered woman, as having been furnished by her to the deceased. There appears, consequently, to be no doubt at present of the identity of the victim. The body was afterwards removed from the place where it was exhibited, and the Procureur Impérial authorised the burial of the body. No trace of the murderer has yet been discovered."

SOME OF THE NOTABILITIES AT CHELTENHAM.

CHARLES DAUBENY, M.D., F.R.S., PROFESSOR OF BOTANY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

This distinguished professor, the president of the British Association for 1856, is a native of Gloucestershire, the county in which the recent scientific gathering has been held. He may be said to have followed Sir Humphry Davy in his researches into agricultural chemistry, a branch of science which in the present day has met with a more liberal and practical application than any other branch. His experimental papers on the action of light upon plants, published in the "Philosophical Transactions," have gained him great renown. After the publication of his "Theory of Earthquakes and Volcanoes" in 1848, his views as to the existence of the bases of the earths in their metallic state, underneath the crust of the earth, in a fused condition, was eagerly and universally adopted by the leading men among the professors of geology. We believe he is now professor of botany at the University of Oxford, and also curator of the Botanical Garden. There is little doubt but that his position as president of the British Association is mainly owing to the way in which he has supported it from the very first. He is a fellow of the Linnean Society.

COLONEL SIR H. C. RAWLINSON, F.R.S., &c. &c.

"This gallant and scientific soldier," as Mr. Tite styled him the other evening at Cheltenham, is an officer in the service of the East India Company. He is principally known for the arduous labour and acute perception which he has brought to bear upon the mysteries of cuneiform inscriptions. If it were alone for the physical difficulties he has overcome in reaching the material upon which his rare analytical faculties have been brought to bear, we should be proud of his name; but in the variety of papers which he has contributed to the Asiatic Society there are the results of one of the clearest-headed and most painstaking investigators of the time.

In his "Memoir of the Early Babylonian History," he informs us that he has "ascended the line of kings at least as high as 2,000 years B.C., and that he believes he ranges from 2234 B.C., to 1273 B.C., the latter date being the supposed commencement of the Assyrian Empire." It was on the celebrated mound of Birs-i-Nimrud near Babylon, that he made his greatest discovery; the inscribed cylinder built up into the corner wall which being deciphered, identified the palace as "the Temple of the Planets of the Seven Spheres;" that it was repaired by Nebuchadnezzar, and erected by his ancestor. It was among the mysteries of this inscription, that a portion of the Bible History has been so completely identified.

J. E. GRAY, PH.D., F.R.S., OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The superintendence of the Natural History Department of the British Museum for a long number of years, is no mean or despicable monument for a man to raise to himself. When one for an instant considers the care and the skill, but more particularly the discretion and judgment, required in a task of that sort—the conflicting interests that must be appeased or conciliated—the envy and uncharitableness that such responsibilities must necessarily incur, we must allow that a man to steer clear of such shoals, and after years of this anxiety to be still looked up to as a great authority among the scientific, though it be only upon some points, must feel that the head of the Natural History Department has been proved to possess not alone administrative talent, but scientific powers of a high order; and there can be no doubt but that Professor Owen will feel proud at having such a coadjutor in the scheme for the re-arrangement of the specimens of natural history which has been lately proposed.

PROFESSOR RICHARD OWEN, D.C.L., F.R.S.

This most distinguished physiologist and comparative anatomist of our time was born in the town of Lancaster; and after matriculating in the University of Edinburgh in 1824, became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1826, and was appointed Hunterian professor and conservator of the museum of the College in 1835. Previous to this, he had been engaged in preparing the descriptive and illustrated catalogue of the specimens of comparative anatomy, of natural history, and also of the fossil organic remains preserved in the museum. The life of this untiring student of natural science has been a series of continuous labours for the promotion of scientific truth. So much so indeed has this been the case, that in reading the titles of his books you are tracing the progress of his life.

He has been an active member of three successive Commissions, each having for its object the health of the inhabitants of the metropolis, and Smithfield Market may safely trace its death blow to the account of this sagacious philosopher. The principal works by Professor Owen are, "Odontography," "Lectures on the Comparative Anatomy of the Vertebrate, and also the Invertebrate Animals," "On Pangenesis, or the successive production of Procreative Individuals from a Single Ovary," &c. He has also contributed papers to Royal Linnean, Geological, Zoological, Microscopical, and a host of other societies, and he is a fellow or associate of most of the learned societies at home or abroad. The foreign estimation in which he is held, was sufficiently shown in his selection by the King of Prussia as Chevalier of the Order of Merit, on the vacancy occasioned by the death of Oersted. His recent appointment to the superintendence of the Natural History Department of the British Museum, promises some valuable results at no very distant period.

SIR RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON, D.C.L.,

is a geologist of a world-wide reputation, and the eldest son of Kenneth Murchison, Esq., of Turradale, Ross-shire, where he was born in 1792.

Educated at Durham Grammar School, and at the Military College of Marlow, he received the honorary degrees of M.A. from the Universities of Cambridge and Durham. He was an officer in the army from 1807 to 1816, serving in Spain and Portugal with the 30th Foot, and subsequently as Captain in the 6th Dragoons.

As far back as 1831, Mr. Murchison applied himself to a systematic examination of the older sedimentary deposits in England and Wales, and after five years succeeded in establishing what he calls the Silurian system. Mr. Murchison next traced the extension of the Silurian system to Norway and Sweden, and particularly to the vast empire of European Russia, having explored the intermediate deposits between the English and the Russian, and next examined the Paleozoic rocks of Scandinavia.

On his return to England he was allowed to wear the orders presented to him by the Emperor of Russia, and received the honour of British knighthood. He has since published his "Siluria," an elaborate volume containing a faithful outline of his previous labours, and has established his system in various parts of the world. In 1844 he instituted a comparison between the rocks of Eastern Australia and those of the Ural Mountains, and was the first who declared his opinion that gold must exist in Australia. In 1846 he urged the superabundant Cornish tin miners to emigrate to New South Wales, and there obtain gold from the soil in the manner that they extracted tin in their native country. Later in the year Sir Roderick stated his views on Australian gold to the Government. He is either Member or Fellow of a great number of Societies and Academies in various parts of the world, and in 1835 he succeeded the late Sir Henry De la Beche in the office of Director of the Museum of Practical Geology.

THOMAS BELL, F.R.S., PRESIDENT OF THE LINNEAN SOCIETY.

The transactions of the Linnean Society are rich in papers upon a variety of subjects by this learned professor, and it is not saying too much for him that he stands among the foremost of the British zoologists. His published works are, "The Diseases of the Teeth," "A History of British Quadrupeds," published by Van Voorst in 1837, and a corresponding work on "British Reptiles," in 1849—he is, and in fact has been for some time past, the owner of the house at Selbourne, which was the home of the Rev. Gilbert White, the eminent naturalist.

PROFESSOR GRAHAM, CHIEF ASSAYER AT THE ROYAL MINT.

There are few men in the present day held in such high estimation, and at the same time so little known, as Professor Graham of the Mint. It has been the fortune, good or ill, as opinions may vary, of this eminent professor, to have almost all his time confined to the appreciating minds of his brother savans. A professor of Chemistry at the London University College, author of "The Elements of Chemistry," a most valuable work; employed by the Government in various chemical researches, and Chief Assayer to her Majesty's Mint—in him we have an instance of how great a man may be without his name becoming familiar.

His researches into the composition of the different salts was a thing to make him known to the scientific world.

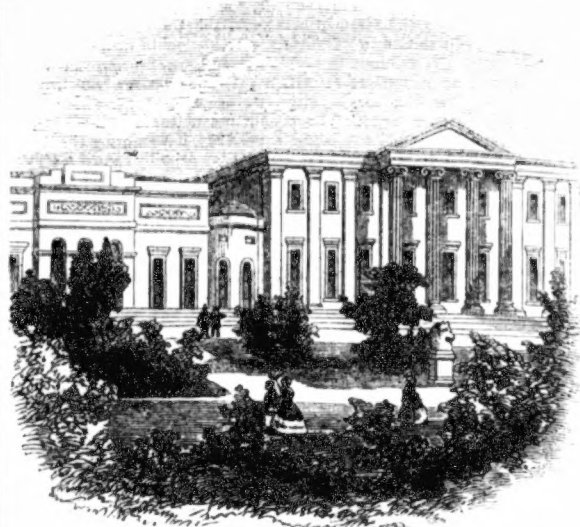
THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION—MEETING AT CHELTENHAM, 1856.



ROYAL OLD WELLS, CHELTENHAM.



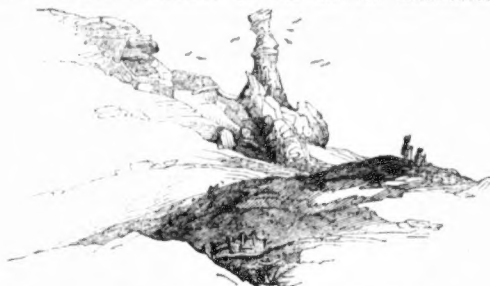
DR. DAUBENY, PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.



THIRLESTONE HOUSE.



SIR RODERICK MURCHISON.



THE DEVIL'S CHAIR, NEAR CHELTENHAM.

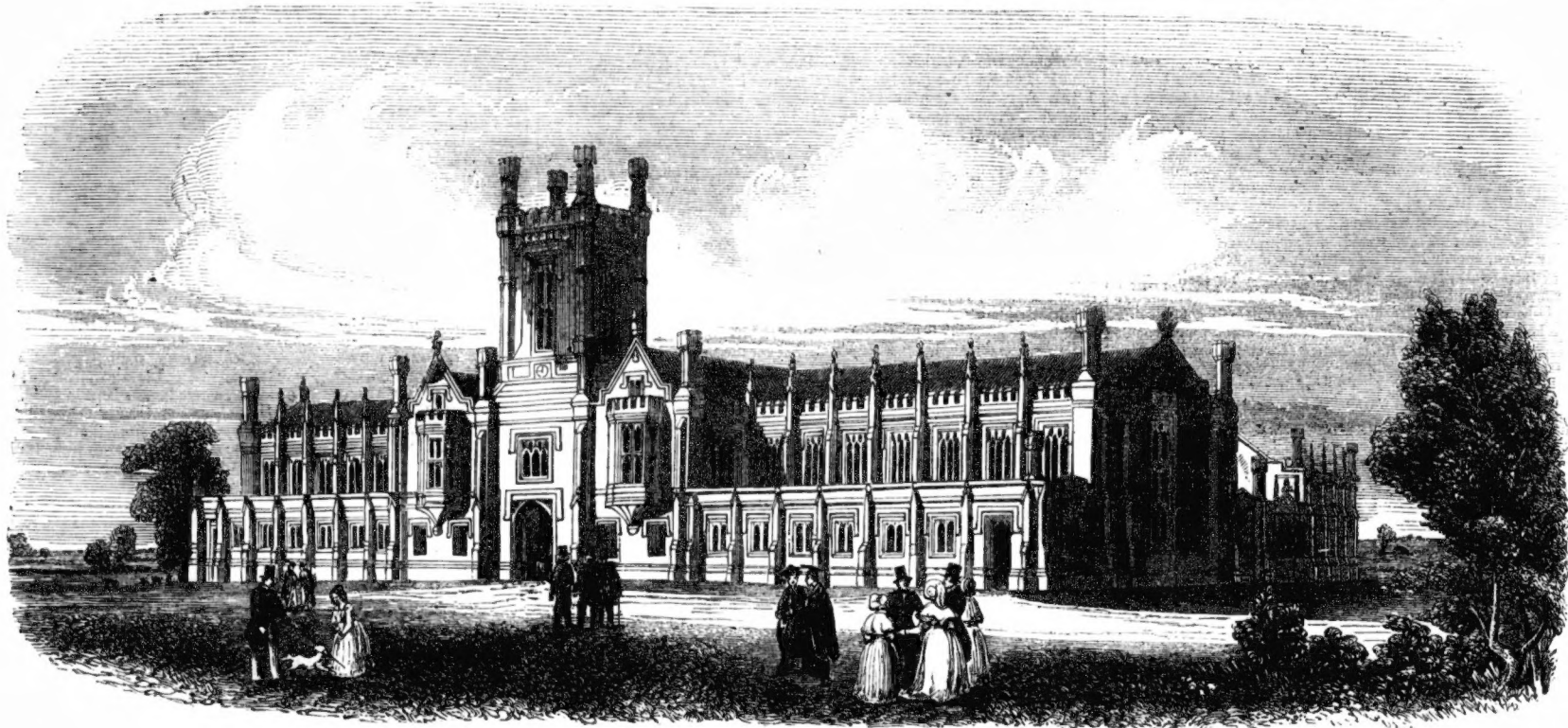
THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

TO CHELTENHAM BY RAIL.

We have a specialty for weather as well as Queen Victoria; if she monopolises all the days that are fine, we in our turn invariably select the wet ones. It was therefore with some degree of mortification that we drove up to the Paddington terminus on a merely dull day; but the rain which was gathering went with us, and the usual soaking was eventually not denied to us. Our Hansom drove rapidly (curiously enough, we were behind time) to that out-of-the-way and difficult-to-be-got-at terminus of the Great Western, which, instead of being built in the fashionable neighbourhood of Fleet Street, has got put out into the "slums" of Tyburnia. No sooner were we seated than the train ad-



PROFESSOR PHILLIPS.



CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.



THOMAS BELL, F.R.S.



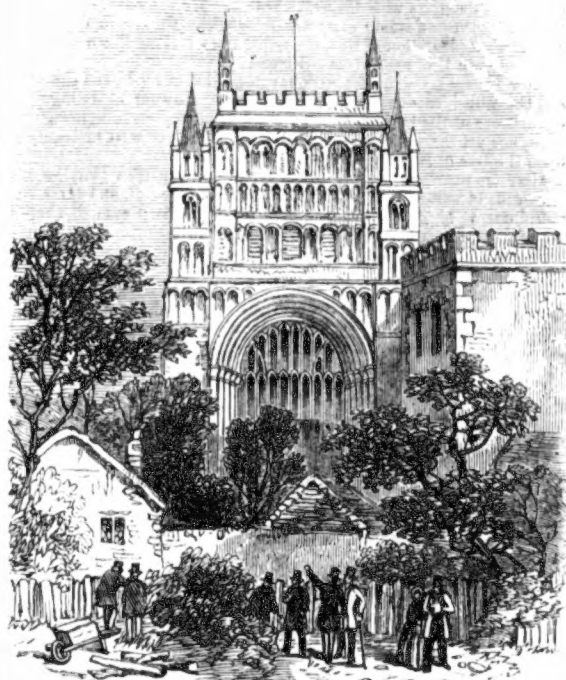
PROFESSOR OWEN.



JOHN EDWARD GRAY, F.R.S.



HAILES ABBEY NEAR WINCHCOMB.



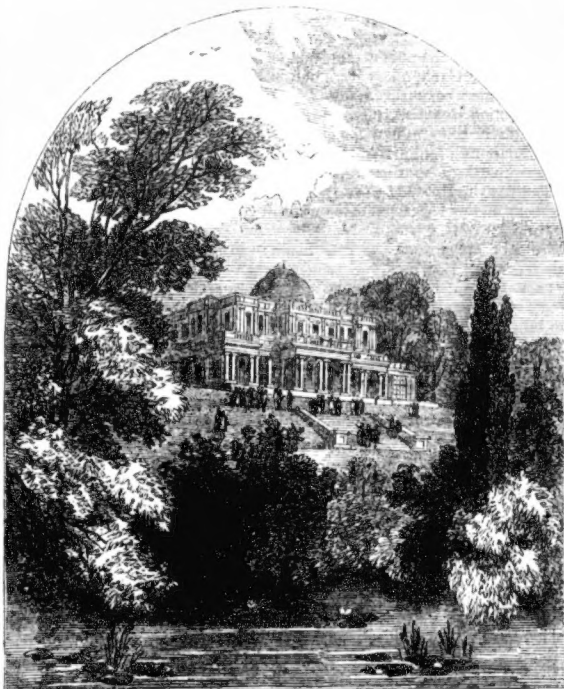
TEWKESBURY ABBEY.

vanced with a slow, solemn kind of motion, that quickly gave place to a more rapid movement, and we were fairly off, with the great London lying behind us. Again we get a sight of green fields, that are not green, but rather any colour than green—melon-coloured fields, lemon-coloured fields, deep amber-coloured fields; for the corn is ripe and ready for the sickle. Some of it is already cut, and there the sheaves loil against and support each other, as if they were staggering drunk with their own ripeness; and here and there is one past staggering, and nobly lying flat upon the stubble.

We wondered what the reaper's opinion (as he drank his beer out of his bottle, and ate his bacon out of his hand) would be about the British Association for the Advancement of Science, if indeed he could



PROFESSOR THOMAS GRAHAM, F.R.S., ASSAYER OF THE MINT.



PITTVILLE SPA.

be brought to believe in it at all. It would be a curious and novel subject of inquiry for the philosopher himself.
On we go, faster and faster.
There are some envious poppies, so sick of growing among the corn

that they have taken a railway bank all to themselves, and there they grow as red in the face as the traditional Turkey cocks.

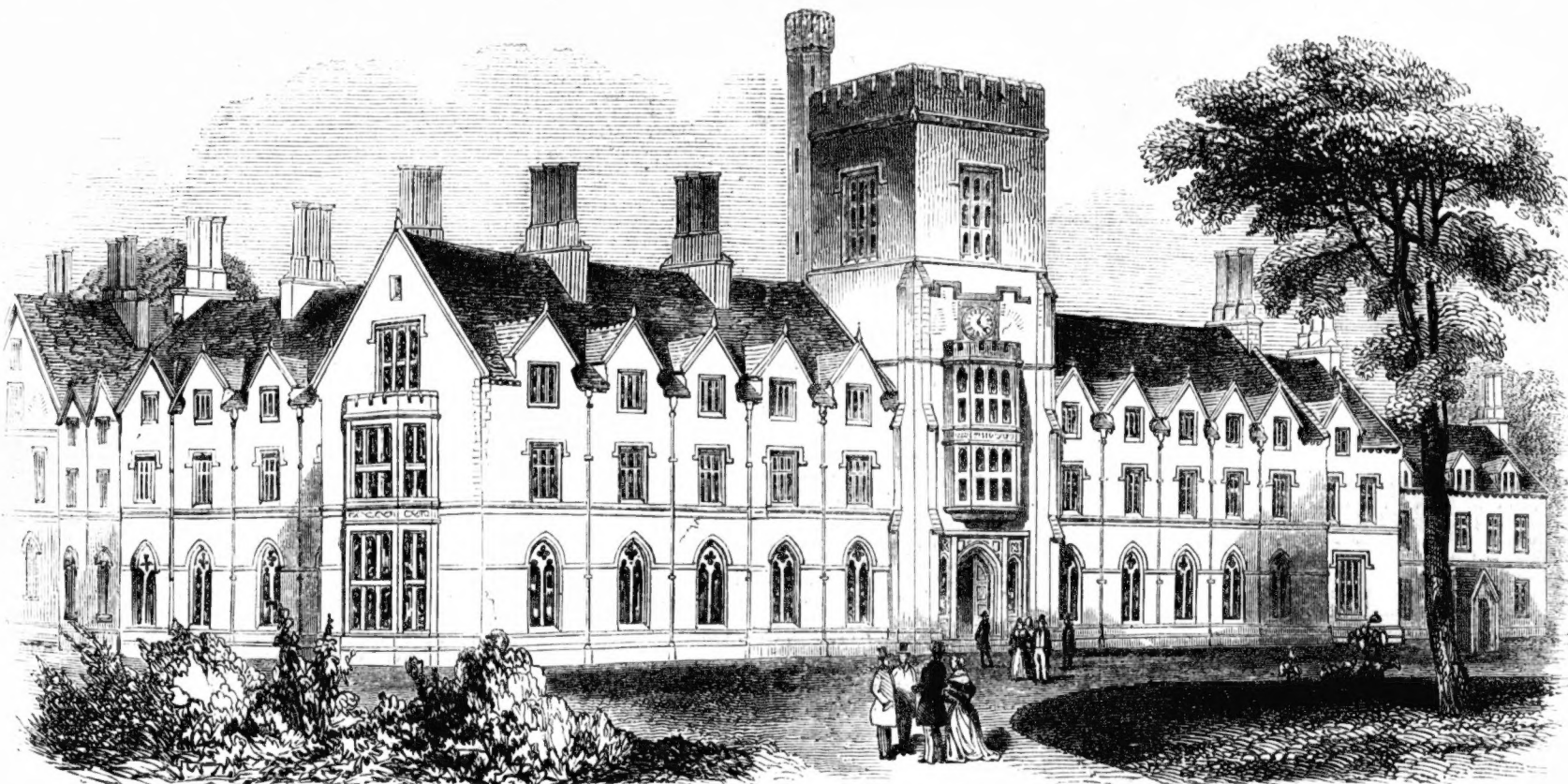
There is some beautiful clover; but who, we should like to know, is living in it?

On we go, till we get to Pangbourne, which word the guard pronounces as if he were playing it on a guitar.

Here is some chalk, and there grow some snowberries. How false those proverbs are! "As white as chalk, and as brown as a berry." Nothing of the kind! for the chalk is a deep brown, and the berries a pure white. Why, we shall be saying as black as a rook next, when every-



COLONEL SIR H. RAWLINSON.



AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, CIRENCESTER.

The third meeting was held on Friday—the various Sections commenced at eleven o'clock, and sat till four. The most important proceeding took place in Section E, where a paper was read by Dr. Duncan Macpherson, giving a description of his researches in the neighbourhood of Kertile. At the conclusion of his address, he was warmly applauded by a numerous and fashionable audience. In the other sections, a variety of interesting papers were read.

of Cheltenham, assembled in the Hall of Studies, at the College, by Colonel Sir H. C. Rawlinson, on his recent expedition to the Caucasus. The morning, the fourth day of meeting, the various Sections, with the exceptions of Sections B. and D., which were sequenced to the excursion to Cirencester. Mr. Jelinger Symons, on the "Phenomena recently discovered in the Moon," which is especially upon the definition of the word "Rotation."

THE EXCURSION TO CIRENCESTER.

A geologist (Section C.) asserted that we could not do better than go on the "Odeia," although a geographer declared that the Western Railway is the best route, although an ethnologist himself as our interpreter among the natives, and Colonel Buckman has deciphered the cuneiform characters of Bradshaw, and through the national lists of Section A have settled upon the of the sun, which the celebrated "Whirlwind" they possess; "wind down," yet here's a wet day. What is to be done? Go down upon your knees in the rain to clap a nugget of the "Blue Lias" at Kemble, or have an impression of "Cister" under the lightning shade of a

shoemaker is always the worst shod. But we must; so we borrow an alpaca of a fossil description (its ribs in state of preservation) and catch the nine o'clock train, by which to go. There is a goodly muster considering the weather—your good and enterprising, showers of rain are simply ignored, although warning voices—whispering of colds and ultimate grief. You are your scientific man knows of a "glass" somewhere that is

there were all sorts of peculiarities present: there were two or three who were very pretty to behold indeed; there was one in particular a narrow-brimmed hat, a black stock with a visible buckle—a "sit too high," and a waistcoat that had no "sit" in it. Just as, with (in addition) a lot of hair and whiskers that seemed to me no purpose in the world but one, and that was disfigurement (dry hair, that belonged to no particular part of the head), and a bran bag (slung over his arm) that slung again, it was so yellow. There were a great many among these excursionists inclining to "assert themselves," and spoke with Johnsonian dogmatism; and there were displays of curious caps made of recondite stuffs, and of every sort.

But, after all, we were surprised to find that these men of science, and doctors, were very much like other men—that there was a professor, the tradesman-like professor, as well as the earnest, philosophical professor—that they had their peculiar fun—that some were particularly fond of the ladies—others were rather partial to their wine—that most of all of them had faith in good dinners.

We started off—first of all, back to Gloucester; then on to somewhere else, where the train was shunted on to another line, from whence we returned round, till, as it by a fortunate chance, we found ourselves at Cirencester.

Again we passed those toy villages, looking more square and toy-like

again the stone cave, with their cry and exclamations, and, really—

with round plays out as it for common-sense views. In stopping suddenly without apparent cause, out went the of the learned. Here was a pretty kettle of fish—here was a

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MEETING OF THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE AT EDINBURGH, ILLUSTRATED BY OUR OWN ARCHÆOLOGIST.

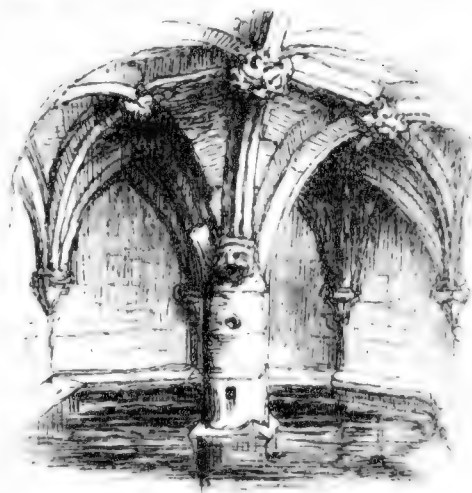


HOLYROOD—A PORTRAIT OF ONE OF ITS GUARDIANS.



ST. MARGARET'S WELL—OUTSIDE VIEW.

of much consequence till the latter part of the fourteenth century. He mentioned that Froissart speaks of it in 1385 as the Paris of Scotland, and says it did not contain so many as 4,000 houses, meaning, beyond a doubt, 400, for it then consisted of but a single street. No houses of that era survive to prove how small, rude, and frail they were. Wood continued to be a large material in the domestic architecture



ST. MARGARET'S WELL—INSIDE VIEW.



INSPECTION OF THE STAINS OF RIZZIO'S BLOOD IN QUEEN MARY'S CLOSET AT HOLYROOD.



LINTEL OF DOORWAY IN THE CHAPEL AT HOLYROOD.



CORRECT PORTRAIT OF A TOWER IN PRINCE'S STREET.

MEETING OF THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE IN EDINBURGH.

In the hurried account of the proceedings of the Archæological Institute in Edinburgh, which we gave in our last number, we omitted to allude to some interesting papers which were read at one or other of the meetings, and which related particularly to the metropolis in which the annual gathering of the Institute was held. Among these, one read by Mr. Robert Chambers, "On the Ancient Buildings of Edinburgh and the Historical Associations connected with them," was, from the subject, listened to with more than common interest.

Mr. Chambers informed his hearers that Edinburgh was not a town

of the city throughout the fifteenth century, during which period Edinburgh was gradually becoming a town of importance, a frequent seat of Parliament, and the residence of the monarch. A house had an inner stone fabric, but there was always a wooden front six or seven feet in advance, formed by projecting beams. Edinburgh does not probably possess any houses of older date than the close of the fifteenth century. About that time the Cowgate was building (a name which appears to be a corruption of "Sou'gate," i. e., Southgate), as a new town or suburb for the accommodation of the higher classes of people. A few of the primitive houses of the Cowgate, built about 1490 or 1500, still exist. They are the contemporaries of many castles, the ruins of which are now

scattered over the country. The style of door seen in all these early wooden houses must be pronounced greatly superior in elegance to any doors given to modern houses either in Edinburgh or London. The next stage of house-building gives us the same form, with merely a more elevation and the addition of some ornamental work. About 1540, houses were three and four storeys high. The gallery in front of the first floor was usually open. There the family could promenade and enjoy the open air in privacy and comparative safety. Of the wooden-fronted houses of about 1540 we have still several interesting specimens, serving to recall to us Mary's reign. There is a fine example at the head of the West Bow. The covered space in front of the booths is still open, and used for the exhibition of merchandise, though of a humble kind. In this respect, the house forms a last surviving fragment of what the High Street was, in mercantile respects, in the sixteenth century. Three or four specimens of this form of house are still to be seen along the north side of High Street. The characteristic features of all are alike—the strong skeleton-work of stone, with the wooden front six or seven feet in advance, the outside stone stair projecting into the street, and the handsome moulded doorway. One handsome specimen opposite the head of Niddry Street is worthy of special notice on account of its double form. In 1572, when



THE VIEW FROM ARTHUR'S SEAT.

the castle and the city were in possession of the Queen's party and beleaguered by the troops of the Regent, the exigencies of the people for fuel led to the demolition of many of the timber buildings. The latest example of houses with wooden fronts is in the Netherbow, dated 1600. The medieval custom of putting inscriptions on houses was displayed in full vigour in Edinburgh, but not so much before the Reformation as after. Having given many interesting specimens of these, the paper went on to state that houses wholly composed of stone, which before the reign of Mary had been rare exceptions, began after that period to become common. The earliest examples of these were built by wealthy citizens.

Mr. Chambers, moreover, read a paper on Edinburgh Castle as it existed before the siege of 1573. He said that in the present Edinburgh Castle, under the mask of a modern military station and barrack, were the broken and degraded remains of a national fortress and royal residence of the old days of Scottish independence. He traced

THE ASCENT OF ARTHUR'S SEAT.

the history of the principal old buildings, and showed as far as possible, what the castle was before the alterations which it sustained in consequence of the memorable siege of 1573. Previous to that time the buildings of the castle were less numerous than now, as it showed scarcely any beyond the limits of the upper platform of rock or citadel towards the east. On the lower and wider platform, towards the north and west, there was little more than a wall of defence running along the summit of the cliff, with turrets placed at intervals, and having in it a postern whence it was possible to descend the face of the rock. Notwithstanding its limited accommodation, however, it appeared to have been proposed in 1523 to have a garrison of 400 soldiers within the castle. On the upper platform were various buildings, some of which still existed, while others had been demolished in the siege referred to, or had given way to more common-place structures. At the north-east angle was a palace which had been used by successive Scottish sovereigns before Holyrood existed. We had no means of tracing this palace to a very early date. The queen Margaret, consort of Malcolm Canmore, lived in Edinburgh Castle at the end of the eleventh century, but none of the existing buildings could be safely identified as of her time, save the small chapel standing detached on the loftiest pinnacle of the rock, which, after a long period of neglect, had been repaired a few years ago. The massive series of buildings which rose from the rock at the south-east angle of the upper quadrangle or parade square, constituted strictly what remained of the palace as existing previous to 1573. The paper concluded with some remarks as to the origin of the name of "Castrum puellarum," or Maiden Castle, given by early writers to Edinburgh Castle, a name which was common to many ancient ruins both in Scotland and England. It had been suggested by the late Mr. Chalmers, of Aulbar, that the derivation was from Mai-dun, a fort commanding a wide plain or district.

Among other places of public interest thrown open to the members of the Institute during their visit to the Scottish capital, was far-famed Holyrood, the palace of Mary Stuart. An edifice associated with the lives and misfortunes of so many historical personages is naturally attractive, even for the twentieth time, and on the occasion to which we refer, the archaeologists, male and female, were far from disdaining to repair to a scene, haunted, as it were, by the shade of the fair Queen who perished at Fotheringhay—the stone on which she knelt at her coronation—the throne on which she sat in royal state after her marriage with Darnley—the small closet in which she supped with the Italian musician—the secret staircase by which the enraged nobles came to drag him from a place which they thought he became so ill, and the little apartment where the ill-fated adventurer lay weltering in the blood that flowed from the fifty wounds inflicted on him by the proudest and haughtiest of Scotland's barons. What wonder that, with such reminiscences, a feeling of gloom comes over the spirit as we approach the ancient regal residence.

However, we are admitted, and enter that long gallery, where the portraits of no fewer than a hundred and eleven Scottish monarchs—real and imaginary—are exhibited, and where, by-the-bye, their ill-starred heir, the young Pretender, gave his grand ball, while in possession of Holyrood during the "Forty-five." But these portraits, though said to have been done for the first Charles, by Jamesone, a celebrated Scotch painter, and the pupil of Rubens, interest us but little, because they are atrociously bad, and we gradually find our way to the rooms that were once inhabited by Queen Mary. We pass through them, but with feelings the reverse of joyous. The tapestry, the embroidered bed, the antique chairs, the faded pictures, and the various curiosities exhibited, are all replete with gloomy associations.

But gloomiest of all is the corner where David Rizzio fell a victim to the revenge of a poor, jealous husband, and to the haughty indignation of fierce and irritable barons. On the spot where the unhappy wretch is said to have weltered in his blood, a large discoloured mark is pointed out on the decayed flooring. We ought not to conceal the fact, that this dark stain is not everywhere believed to be genuine; but we have no wish to be incredulous on such a subject. Why, indeed, should we? The mark looks old; it is not crusted like recently deposited blood, but has an unctuous appearance; and it is impregnated with the structure of the wood, just as Rizzio's blood would by this time have been. Moreover, the spot is regarded with so much veneration by Scottish patriots, and pointed out with so much solemnity by the keepers of the palace, that it would hardly be courteous for a stranger to express any incredulity. So we pass



ROBSON AS MEDEA.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HERBERT WATKINS.)

on, recalling to memory the ludicrous story told by Scott in his "Chronicles of the Canongate"—how a Cockney agent, when shown through Holyrood, was told by an antique cicerone of the indelible stain; how he conceived the grand idea of trying the effect of some "patent scouring drops;" plumped down on his knees, and applied the elixir with the corner of his handkerchief; how the good dame screamed for assistance; and how Chrystal Croftangry, who was in the loag gallery, wondering why the Kings of Scotland had all noses like knockers, coming to the rescue, persuaded the Cockney that there might be such things as stains which ought to remain indelible on account of their associations.

Behind the Palace are the ruins of the Chapel of Holyrood, which carries the imagination back to the days of that King of Scots whom the church canonised, and whom James I. described as "a sore saint for the crown." One day—so runs the legend—King David, following the advice of his profligate young nobles instead of his ghostly confessor, went forth to hunt the deer. While separated from his companions, the King was attacked by a wild stag, and in the utmost peril, when suddenly an arm, issuing from a dark cloud, placed in the king's hand a luminous cross, which quickly frightened the animal away into the forest. King David, in gratitude, erected on the spot an abbey, which was, from the circumstance

narrated, called Holyrood, or Holy Cross. It was not till the reign of James V.—though Edinburgh became the capital of Scotland about 1436—that the first palace, distinct from the abbatial buildings, a mere hunting-lodge, was erected; and the edifice, as it at present appears, did not come into existence till the middle of the seventeenth century.

The chapel of Holyrood, which has long been in ruins, is now roofless and open to the winds of heaven. It is literally floored with tombstones; and there in damp vaults are the bones of many a Scottish king, and the ashes of Darnley and Rizzio, and others well known to the readers of history and romance.

Leaving Holyrood, we commence the ascent of that range of hills crowned by Arthur's Seat, and pass by the well and the ruins of an ancient chapel dedicated to St. Anthony the Eremitic. The well had in other days the reputation of some mystic virtue; and even now urchins, with an eye to the main chance, are ready to invite strangers to drink of its waters from their tin cups.

The summit of Arthur's Seat is 822 feet above the level of the sea, and the ascent is so steep that there are only two paths by which it can be attained. On reaching the black mass of basaltic rock, our adventurous tourists were well rewarded, for Arthur's Seat is the highest point for many miles round, and commands a view of real beauty and grandeur.

Beneath appears "Dun Edin's town and towers," the Palace of Holyrood—its roofless chapel—and the Castle crowning, as it were, the picturesque background. On the left is seen Heriot's Hospital; and on the right the new town, so gay and pleasant, with its streets and squares of white stone. All around, more or less distant, are scenes of interest—the shores of Fife, Preston Bay, North Berwick Law, the Frith of Forth, the fertile fields of Lothian, the Palace of Dalkeith, Melville Castle, Corstorphine, and the Hills of Braid and Black, celebrated in the pages of "Marion."

St. Margaret's Well is situated at Restalrig, formerly called Lake Sterig, about a mile eastward of Edinburgh, and is a structure of considerable antiquity, having been erected at an early date by the community of St. Margaret's Nunnery. The well stands on the roadside, near St. Margaret's church, also originally an ancient edifice; but which, along with the well itself, was nearly demolished by the followers of Knox at the time of the Reformation. The church remained for many years in a ruinous condition, but has of late been restored, repaired, and partially rebuilt, by the Free Church of Scotland, and is now used as a place of worship in connection with that body. Restalrig closely adjoins Piershill cavalry barracks, and is a place of much resort on Sunday evenings by a portion of the inhabitants of Edinburgh.

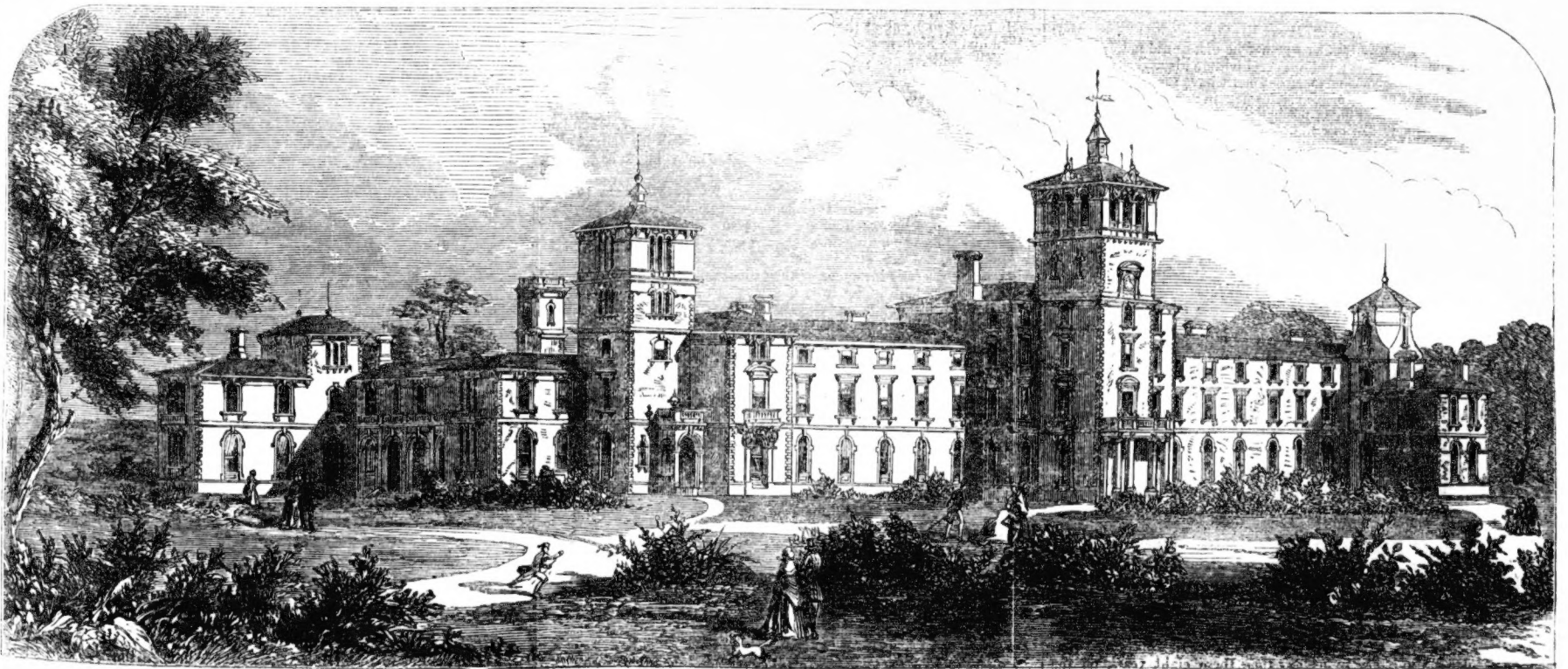
Some of our readers may probably be old enough to remember, when, towards the close of the last century, there flourished in the capital of Scotland a society that had been instituted in 1740, and whose members were pretty extensively known as "the chairmen." These men, some of whom appear in Kay's portraits, were chiefly Highlanders, and carried the sedan chairs which then abounded in the northern metropolis. They were besides employed in such odd jobs as carrying parcels and letters, and attending strangers who happened to visit the city, and some of the master chairmen are said to have realised considerable fortunes.

When the introduction of hackney coaches, and a change in the habits of the fashionable, subverted sedan chairs, the glory of this society departed, and its members gradually came to be recognised as simple porters. They retain, however, in full force, several of the prominent characteristics of their predecessors, especially such little peculiarities as answering to the name of Donald, exhibiting a partiality for snuff and the corners of streets, and cherishing a tender affection for whisky and a lazy life.

ASYLUM FOR FATHERLESS CHILDREN.

It is now about twelve years since an institution was founded with the benevolent object of relieving fatherless children, without respect to place, sex, or religious distinction, the only qualification, in fact, being that the child should be destitute, and above the condition of the pauper. The children were to be received at any age (from their birth, if necessary), and are all retained and provided for, the boys until fourteen, and the girls until fifteen years of age.

The institution founded on this liberal principle has, it appears, enjoyed a career of uninterrupted and increasing prosperity. Since its commencement it has received 314 children, and it has now no fewer than 134 within its walls. It is sustained by the voluntary contributions of the benevo-



ASYLUM FOR FATHERLESS CHILDREN IN COURSE OF ERECTION AT DENMARK HILL.

lent; all who subscribe are members of the institution, and participate in the management of its affairs, and it now flourishes under the immediate patronage of the Queen.

In consequence of the inconvenience of the present building, the governors have acquired an estate in the parish of Croydon, with a view of erecting forthwith a spacious edifice, adapted to the growing wants of the charity. The ground, it should be remarked, adjoins the Stoa's Nest, and is about two miles from Croydon. The site is remarkably fine, and the building, when completed, will form a striking addition to the landscape. The plan is in some respects peculiar, but the architect has kept in view the bold undulations of the ground, and has arranged his design in three well marked groups, which will be appropriated to the infants, the boys, and the girls respectively. The structure, which, it is calculated, will accommodate at least 350 children, will be in an Italian style, from designs furnished by Mr. Moffatt, and it will possess a frontage of no less than 350 feet, with wings, giving it a depth of about 200. The ornamental portions of the work are to be executed in freestone, and the great masses of surface in Devonshire marble. The contract has been taken by Mr. Pollard, of Taunton, for £18,000.

Last week, the corner stone was laid by the Lord Mayor, in the presence of a large assembly of ladies and gentlemen. On the day appointed, a special train was provided, which conveyed the London visitors to a temporary station, erected at the foot of the hill which is about to be crowned by the new edifice. As soon as the company arrived, a procession was formed, preceded by a military band; and when it reached the tent in which the ceremonial was to take place, the "Old Hundredth" was sung by way of prelude. A number of coins of the present reign were then placed in a cavity in the lower stone, and with them were deposited several scrolls.

The Lord Mayor, having delivered a few appropriate remarks, proceeded to lay the upper stone in the usual manner; and an appropriate prayer having been offered up, cups containing corn, wine, and oil were then presented to the Lord Mayor, who emptied them upon the stone as emblems of peace and plenty. Next, a hymn was prettily sung by the children, after which a very interesting ceremony was gone through—namely, the presentation of purses by a large number of ladies and gentlemen. The "National Anthem," followed by cheers for the Queen, and for the prosperity of the undertaking, concluded the proceedings.

After the ceremony, had been provided in an adjoining marquee, at which the Lord Mayor presided, his Lordship being supported by the Marquis of Townshend, the Marchioness, and Lady Audley Townshend. On the subscription lists being read, it was found that the total sum realised was about £3,500.

MR. ROBSON.

THE anxiety of the public to know as much as possible of the private history and affairs of people whose business it is to amuse them, should by no means be charged with the motive of idle curiosity. It is a perfectly rational feeling, based upon the most business-like considerations of self-interest. A certain man devotes his life to making a certain portion of our lives pass agreeably. That man is important to us. Consequently, we feel that we can not know too much about him. It is requisite that we should be furnished with the date of his birth, that we may form an estimate as to how long he is likely to remain in our service. Who were his parents? Were they strong people or long-lived people; were they subject to any particular diseases or failings, liable to be transmitted through blood or education to their offspring? Is he married—and if so, to whom? And if not, wherefore? It is of the gravest moment that his domestic arrangements should be satisfactory, or he may be off to America, or over Waterloo Bridge in no time! Where does he live? It is to be hoped in a healthy situation, of course, but we ought to know for certain! What does he eat? How does he sleep? Who are his friends? How much does he earn? All these are questions we have quite as much right to ask of him, as the medical officer of an insurance company—about to grant a policy on his life—would have to look at his tongue and punch him about the gastric and pulmonary regions. Nay, the usually impertinent—not to say vulgar—query of, "Who is your hatter?" becomes in his case a question of the highest gravity. For his head is, in a measure, our property, and he has no business to risk catching cold in it by inadequate covering.

This vivid personal interest is felt more strongly in the actor than in any other class of artist. In the first place, because the public have a personal acquaintance with him: he is brought directly in contact with his audience, and they look upon him as a friend. Writers and painters they only know through their works; and the bulk of the community has the dimmest notion, and the least anxiety to know, how, or by whom, those works are produced (the general impression being possibly, a Topsy-like expectation that "they grow.") Moreover, the actor is, so to speak, his canvas. His limbs, eyes, nose, voice, and lungs, are indispensable accessories to the art-results he produces. A painter may hobble on crutches, or a writer lie bedridden with paralysis; but Columbine must take care of her legs, and Romeo avoid compulsion under the deadliest penalties.

Of all English actors in the present day, there can be no question that the one in whom the public feels the greatest curiosity, is Mr. Frederick Robson, of the Olympic Theatre—a curiosity which, it has just struck the writer, he had better set about satisfying without loss of time, instead of behaving like a person who lectures his friends upon the physical causes of hunger, when they are half dead for the want of something to eat.

Frederick Robson, then, was born at Margate, in the year 1821, of parents in the middle station of life, still remembered with respect in that, just now, uncomfortably crowded watering-place. He was apprenticed, at the usual age, to a copper-plate engraver, in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, London.

It is unnecessary to add that he "did not like it."

We have no means of ascertaining whether he did, or did not, complete the legal term of his indentures; but a general faith in his sagacity leads us to believe that the uncongenial engagement must have terminated prematurely. Assuming that he quitted his employment in order to study for the stage, we can only offer our heart-felt sympathies to the engraver, and still more fervent congratulations to the public on the melancholy occurrence. At any rate, it is certain that Mr. Robson became an actor at a very early age. His first attempt was at the once famous amateur theatre in Catherine Street, where he appeared as Simon Meallbag in a drama called "Grace Hamley." It is needless to state that Mr. Robson—being a man of genius, with conceptions too great for expression on a first, or hundredth, attempt—made a complete failure. He was advised in the friendliest way imaginable by certain magnates of the theatre, (at present shining in various utilitarian spheres on those mysterious "circuits" in our delight to read of in the "Era,") "not to come there again." He acted upon their sage counsel, and did not. He seems, however, to have considered that the ban so mercilessly placed upon him by the budding Catesbys and Guildensterns of Catherine Street, was not to prevent his going elsewhere; for he had the temerity to accept an engagement soon after, at the Whitstable Theatre, as "second utility." The utility of the theatre itself, it is rather difficult to conceive, nor could its ornamental attractions have been much greater; inasmuch as we learn that it was situated on the first-floor of a private house! This tremendous experiment concluded, it was followed up by others of like magnitude in the same neighbourhood, till eventually Mr. Robson succeeded in getting his first engagement at a "regular theatre," which was that of Uxbridge. From Uxbridge he was promoted to Metropolitan honours, but only by such brevet rank as the Grecian Saloon was capable of conferring. He made his first appearance at that establishment in 1844, remaining there five years.

It is a matter of astonishment to many that so excellent an actor should have played in London for so long a time, and attracted so little attention among the more cultivated classes. But the remote situation and not very high repute of the theatre should be considered. It is also more than probable that the actor's powers had not yet developed themselves. Nevertheless, even then Robson had his discerning admirers. An esteemed friend of ours—of the almost extinct species "playgoer"—has been an intolerable nuisance to us any time these eight years, on the Robson question first, by eternally boring us to "go and see a little

man up at the Eagle who would take the shine out of them all one of these days," which we invariably refused to do; and, at a later period, by boasting whenever we met him of the verification of his prophecy—which he does with an air of advantage over us that is positively galling.

Our enthusiastic friend, however (who now goes to the Olympic at an average of six nights a week when his favourite is playing, informing the audience on either side of him that "he was one of the first to discover," &c. &c.), does not appear to have been the only one of his way of thinking. The manager of the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, offered Mr. Robson an engagement, in a leading position, which was accepted, and commenced in 1850. With the Dublin public—honourably celebrated for its high appreciation, and fastidious standard of excellence in every department of art—the new comedian became immediately a favourite. He remained in the Irish capital for three years, dividing his time there between the two principal theatres. On Mr. Compton's secession from the Olympic, he was engaged by Mr. Farren to supply that gentleman's place. He appeared at Easter, 1853, and after a very few weeks of public indifference, fairly took by storm that almost unprecedented position he has since occupied. Mr. Robson's repeated successes at the Olympic, are of too recent occurrence, and are too strongly impressed on the public memory, to need recapitulation.

Mr. Robson's style of acting is peculiar; but, in our opinion, only peculiar from its rare excellence. Handsomely as he has been dealt with by the public press, we think a little injustice has been done to his general talents by a too exclusive dwelling on a single branch of them. It is customary to speak of Robson as of a singer, with but one good note in his voice. It is implied that he is only great in parts where the object is violent transition from the most grotesque drollery to bursts of intense human passion. He certainly is great in such characters, by which he has created a school of acting that is not likely to find successful followers. He has shown a power for conveying a sense of the terrible by the most ludicrous means, never evinced by any previous actor. His greatest triumphs hitherto have been in that direction—witness his performances in "Plot and Passion," the Shakespearean burlesques of Messrs. Talfourd and Hall, Mr. Planche's fairy-pieces, and, more recently, Mr. Robert Brough's "Medea." These performances are indeed terrible; but people appalled by the terror, are too apt to lose sight of the humorous means by which the terror is produced. They are terrible—as a murder story by Hood, or a goblin picture by Cruikshank, is terrible; the former, none the less a masterpiece of surface wit and drollery, or the latter the perfection of the grotesque and fantastic in caricature. Certain critics, to whom the great faculty of perceiving humour has been denied, and such people are very apt to drift into the critical profession, make the mistake of advising Mr. Robson to appear in tragedy. (One or two of them could perhaps accommodate him with a score acts or so of blank verse to begin upon.) Mr. Robson is not likely to fall into the mistake of acting on their advice. He knows his true vocation to be that of a comedian—a humourist. He puzzles the gentlemen we have alluded to, when he shows them now and then a glimpse of the earnest under-current of his nature. They don't know what to make of it, any more than they do when you tell them that Rabelais, Molière and Hood, were grave and deep-thinking men, with far insight into the important truths of the universe. They don't quite know what to make of it when you tell them that the really superficial, frivolous man is your grave-mannered pompous owl, whose narrow vision induces him to magnify such unimportant littlenesses as he can see the form of to colossal proportions. They have dim perceptions of a meaning when you tell them this, but only to the extent that you mean something personal.

Mr. Robson is, in our opinion, a comedian of the highest order—a comedian in the old sense of the term, which implied the power of representing human character in a comic light—not the modern acceptance, which requires merely a taste in dress boots and the close imitation of the Honourable Somebody's whiskers—in fact, the comedy of Molière and Goldsmith in opposition to that of Scribe and Planche. As yet few opportunities have been afforded him of displaying his powers in what is called the "regular drama." But his admirable study of low life in Henry Mayhew's "Wandering Minstrel," and more recent relishing bit of drollery in Mr. Danvers's little farce of "A Conjugal Lesson," are quite sufficient to prove that his talents are not merely confined to the exhibition of mock tragedy.

That "merely" may be thought to imply a disparagement we are far from intending. We look upon Mr. Robson's burlesque performances as humorous results of the highest order. But as such productions can only be exceptional to the ordinary rule of the drama, we should be sorry to see a reputation forced upon so excellent an actor that would confine him to so narrow a sphere.

Mr. Robson's *personnel* is too well known to need lengthy description. He is a little dapper gentleman, very much under the middle height, with a wide-awake, happy-looking face, a brilliant eye, and a brisk, lively manner. He is well-bred and intelligent, but his conversation presents nothing remarkable. This should create no surprise, as having devoted the best part of his life to perfecting himself in a most difficult art—he could perhaps talk learnedly on no topic, but the objectionable one of "shop," which his native modesty shrinks from. We use the term "modesty" advisedly. Mr. Robson is one of the most unassuming men in his vanity-feeding profession, as a short anecdote may illustrate.

At the recent reading of a piece, which has since proved to be one of the greatest successes of Mr. Robson's career and Mr. Wigan's management, the author (from whom we received the anecdote), was fairly disconcerted by the extravagant delight testified by the little gentleman at the part evidently destined for him. Disconcerted is not the word—our author was fairly alarmed. He had had some experience in such matters, and had occasionally found that excessive rapture, in the case of very great favourites, was only a formal preliminary to refusing a part altogether.

He looked so blank at the conclusion of his reading, that the manager rallied him on his appearance, asking him its cause.

"Well, really, I don't know," said our friend, nervously. "Do you think they like it?"

"Like it? Can't you see they are delighted; I never knew a reading go off better."

"Yes, all the others, I daresay; but our little friend there. You know it's the first time I ever wrote a part for him. Wasn't his delight rather too much of a good thing to be genuine? Is it not going to be a case of Miss Blank, or Mr. Three Stars?"

"My dear Sir," was the manager's reply, "I see you want to be enlightened. If you never saw the phenomenon before, you now behold, in that little man, a specimen of a perfectly unaffected actor. He almost puzzled me at first by his openness and candour; but I soon found them to be genuine, and I can give it you as my sincere opinion, that if there exists a man perfectly incapable of affectation, it is Mr. Robson."

This was very high praise from a manager (no bad judge of character, to argue from his public representations of it); and the author found it fully justified by his after experience of the actor. It may not be irrelevant to add, that the most perfect good understanding exists between Mr. Wigan and his valuable servant; and that their present connection, which has been productive of such charming results to the public, is not likely to be broken.

The portrait which has given the occasion for these remarks, is drawn by Mr. Bennett from a life-like photograph by Mr. Herbert Watkins, of Regent Street. It represents Mr. Robson in the character of Medea in Mr. Robert Brough's burlesque of that name, now in the course of performance at the Olympic Theatre. Mr. Robson's manner of performing the part, and its almost unprecedented success, are patent to the world. Of the piece itself, it would be out of place to speak—perhaps the more especially as the author is known to be a frequent contributor to this journal. We may briefly state that it affords the actor greater opportunities for displaying the peculiar powers by which he is most recognised, than anything previously written for him. Madame Estori has been three times to see it. We have the writer's authority for stating that her approval of his work is as much in the way of compliment as he cares for—till he can do something better.

A SUBSCRIPTION has been opened to pay the damages and expenses of the action for libel lately sustained by the "Scotsman" newspaper.

EXECUTION AT DORCHESTER.

ON Saturday morning the woman, Elizabeth Martha Brown, who was convicted at the last assizes of the wilful murder of her husband John Audley Brown, underwent the extreme sentence of the law. The facts of the case were these:—The husband, who was only twenty years of age, and his wife, who was forty, had by it together as servants in a family. The husband became a drunkard, and left home on the 6th of last July, for the purpose of going to a friend's house. He returned home late at night, and soon after the wife called to him, and he found that the unfortunate man was dead, with several cuts on his head. The wife represented that he had been killed by a horse, and the afterwards denied. It appears that the wife was a jealous and vindictive woman, and a hater, which was known to be in the house, could not be trusted. Attempts were made to obtain a reprieve of the sentence, but Sir G. Grey refused. The sentence was carried out by Gallant, more successfully than before, since the unfortunate woman ceased to exist in a few moments after the deed was done. Her life would probably have been spared, but for the several contradictory statements she made. The following confession was the last:—

"My husband came home on Sunday morning, the 6th of July, at two o'clock, in liquor, and was sick. He had no hat on. I asked him what he had done with his hat. He abused me, and said, 'What is it to you?' Then he asked for some cold tea. I said that I had none, but would make some war. He replied, 'Drink that yourself.' I then said, 'What makes you so cross? Have you been at Mary Davis's?' He then kicked out the bottom of the chair on which I had been sitting. We continued quarrelling until 3 o'clock, when he struck me a severe blow on the side of my head, which confused me so much that I was obliged to sit down. Supper was on the table, and he said, 'Eat it yourself.' At the same time he reached down from the mantel-piece a heavy looking whip with a plain end, and struck me across the shoulders with it three times. Each time I screamed out. I said, 'If you strike me again, I will cry murder.' He retorted, 'If you do, I will knock your brains out through the wind-w.' He also said, 'I hope I shall find you dead in the morning.' He then kicked me on the left side, which caused me much pain, and he immediately stooped down to untie his boots. I was much enraged, and in an ungovernable passion, on being so abused and struck. I directly seized a hatchet which was lying close to where I sat, and which I had been using to break coal with to keep up the fire and keep his supper warm, and with it (the hatchet) I struck him several violent blows on the head—I could not say how many. He fell at the first blow on his head, with his face toward the fire-place. He never spoke or moved afterwards. As soon as I had done it, I wished I had not, and would have given the world not to have done it. I had never struck him before, after all his ill-treatment, but when he hit me so hard at this time, I was almost out of my senses, and hardly knew what I was doing."

LAW AND CRIME.

A MARRIED woman, named Sarah Simmonds, accompanied by her sister, were expostulating in the street with her husband, who was out for the night, and entreating him to return home with her. Finding her efforts unavailing, she walked on, till a policeman suddenly ordered her and her companion off his beat. The sister attempted to speak; but the wife, more practical, said, "Don't talk to him—take his number." "Do you think I'll let you girls take my number?" exclaimed the official; and instantly took the married woman into custody. In the morning he charged her with accosting a gentleman in the street; and when the sister gave evidence of the facts, denied that she was present, or that the conversation she related, as above, took place at all. The Magistrate, Mr. Hall, "supposed that the policeman was irritated because the women threatened to take his number;" and thereupon reprimanded him for his conduct in taking Mrs. Simmonds to the station-house, but did not allude to the possibility of gross perjury on the part of the officer, which, if he had really been threatened with having his number taken, he must have committed in denying it. The prisoner might have been ordered to change places with the policeman, and if her account confirmed her sister's, and inquiry as to the husband corroborated the evidence of both, that policeman ought to have been committed for trial. But there is something more than meets the eye in this case. It is a notorious fact, that the unfortunates who are compelled to wander through the streets after nightfall, frequently pay a species of black mail to the policeman for immunity. Occasionally, as prison matrons can tell, are poor wretches incarcerated upon sham charges based upon the single oath of a policeman, whose activity has been excited by the nonpayment of this tribute. In the case just stated, the policeman sees two strangers of whose character he forms an erroneous impression, and whom he orders "off his beat." What beat in the Bow Street district can that be which is kept clear of suspected characters by night; in what street in that locality can the belated passenger walk secure from insult, robbery or annoyance? Mr. Hall told the policeman he had no right to utter such a command, and the worthy magistrate perhaps thought he was teaching the constable something the latter did not know as well as himself. The matters admits of such an interpretation, that it should have been thoroughly sifted in justice to all parties. Had these women been wealthy clients of an experienced solicitor, we should not have heard the last of it at Bow Street. But until magistrates will exert themselves to the utmost to dispense the most rigid justice between the police and the public, and to institute and favour the fullest investigation into cases of alleged misconduct by members of the force, so long will policemen know that, when inclined, they may exercise unlimited despotism over the two large classes of the poor and the vicious, one of which has no character, and the other no capital, to support it in seeking a remedy against even the most infamous wrong.

A case dignified in the show placards of the penny papers as "Extraordinary claim against a Peer of the realm," was heard at the Westminster County Court on Friday. It was a mere dispute with an extra servant as to salary, and the Peer of the realm got his verdict, no doubt very justly. He happened, however, to be required as a witness in his own behalf, and while in the box failed to set a proper example. On being asked by an attorney of the Court whether he had inquired of the servant (whom he was engaged to employ), whether the man had been accustomed to employment of the kind proposed, the aristocratic witness exclaimed, "Good God! I should not ask such a stupid question. I leave that to my upper servants." Had the Peer been an ordinary witness and before some of our judges, he would have met with a sharp reprimand: "Answer the question, Sir, instead of commenting on it; and pay a little attention to the third commandment while in a court of justice, even if you break it habitually elsewhere!"

A cab driver who had been paid two shillings instead of three (his proper fare), summoned the defaulter after two calls at his residence for payment, before Mr. Corrie, who, finding the cabman's estimate of the distance travelled to be correct, made an order for the balance. Hereupon the defendant applied for a cross summons, returnable instantly, for abusive language, against the cabman, who had, it appears, called after his fare to apprise him that two shillings were not enough. This was considered as abuse, and the driver was therefore fined two shillings, to the marvel of many.

A London attorney brought two actions for a female client against the Earl of Zetland, and received three hundred pounds in satisfaction of his client's claim and costs. At Guildford Assizes, a cause was tried between the attorney and his client, upon a promissory note for £50, which the attorney alleged had been lent to her, in consideration of her condition, after he had appropriated the whole of the £300 for his costs. He produced witnesses to this effect, while the defendant swore that the money advanced was her allotted share of the amount recovered, and that she had signed the note believing it to be a receipt for the amount. The jury believed her, and gave a verdict in her favour, and the Judge ordered the note to be impounded. Incidents like these, bubbling up as it were from the ocean of London life, give a fearful inkling of the monstrous body of dishonesty lying below its surface, and of which people whose experience is derived principally from newspapers, cannot possibly form any adequate conception.

By-the-bye, the words "Guildford Assizes" read tamely enough as the heading to a report of a trial; but has the reader the slightest idea of their terrible, and to many ruinous, import? He thinks, no doubt, that they simply mean a special session in the town of Guildford to decide causes which have arisen in the vicinity. They mean just no such thing. When an attorney for a plaintiff is too late with his proceedings (on account of the approach of the long vacation) to try his action in London, if *transitory*—i.e., not pertaining to land, or when the action, if local, namely, relating to the title to property other than personal, arises in the county of Surrey, as it may in Kennington Lane or Tooley Street, he

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